SUNLIT NORWAY

NATURES WONDERLAND

Linda Gorley
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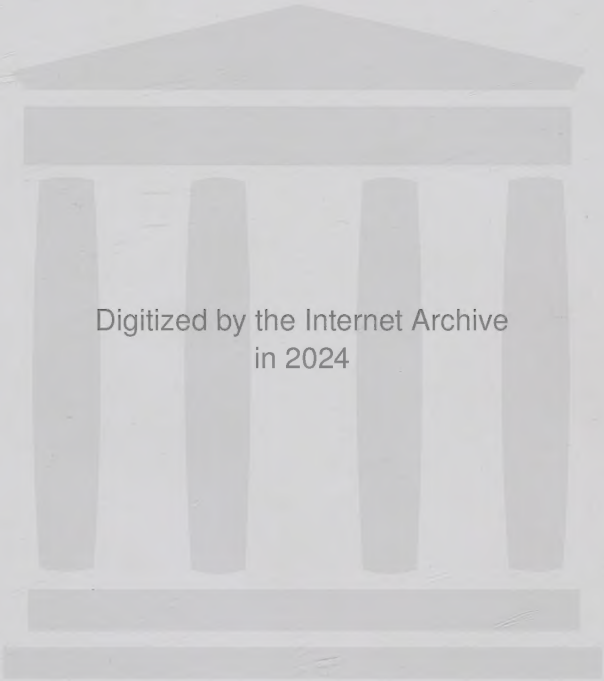

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'MOUNT GLITTERTIND' (JOTUNHEIMEN MOUNTAINS)

SUNLIT NORWAY

NATURE'S WONDERLAND

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AND THE
NORWEGIAN
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The majority of the photographs in this book are by Wilse, o Kristiania, and Robinson, of Lowestoft

A NORWEGIAN MILKMAID

SUNLIT NORWAY

Nature's Wonderland

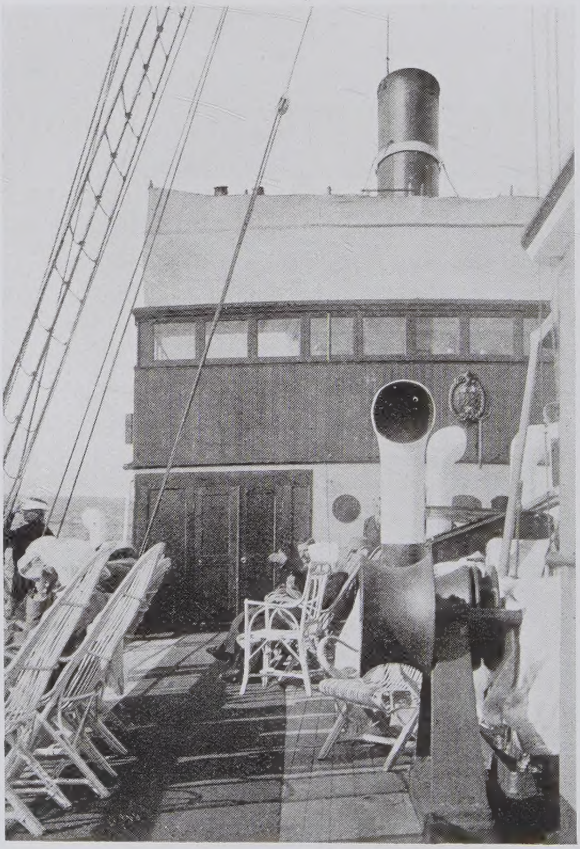
THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS

A HOLIDAY CRUISE IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND

ALTHOUGH Norway has for many years been one of the most popular holiday resorts of English, Continental, and American tourists, it is safe to say that the majority of English people are as yet unaware that the land of the glorious fjords, snow-capped mountains and wild and beautiful dales is so easily accessible. Probably they have heard of it as the northernmost country in Europe, extending some hundreds of miles within the Arctic Circle, and, not unnaturally, they have come to the conclusion that it is a remote place and, although alluringly attractive, difficult and expensive to visit. To such people it will come as a surprise to learn that this magnificent country lies little more than a day's voyage from the shores of England; that its principal ports and loveliest holiday resorts can be reached in less time than it takes to travel from London to some parts of the British Isles; and that a fortnight's or a month's holiday in Norway can easily be arranged so that it costs no more than the average person spends during the same time at a holiday resort on the English coast.

By taking the most popular route, you can leave Newcastle-on-Tyne at midnight of one day, and the first landing, in an ordinary yachting cruise, being

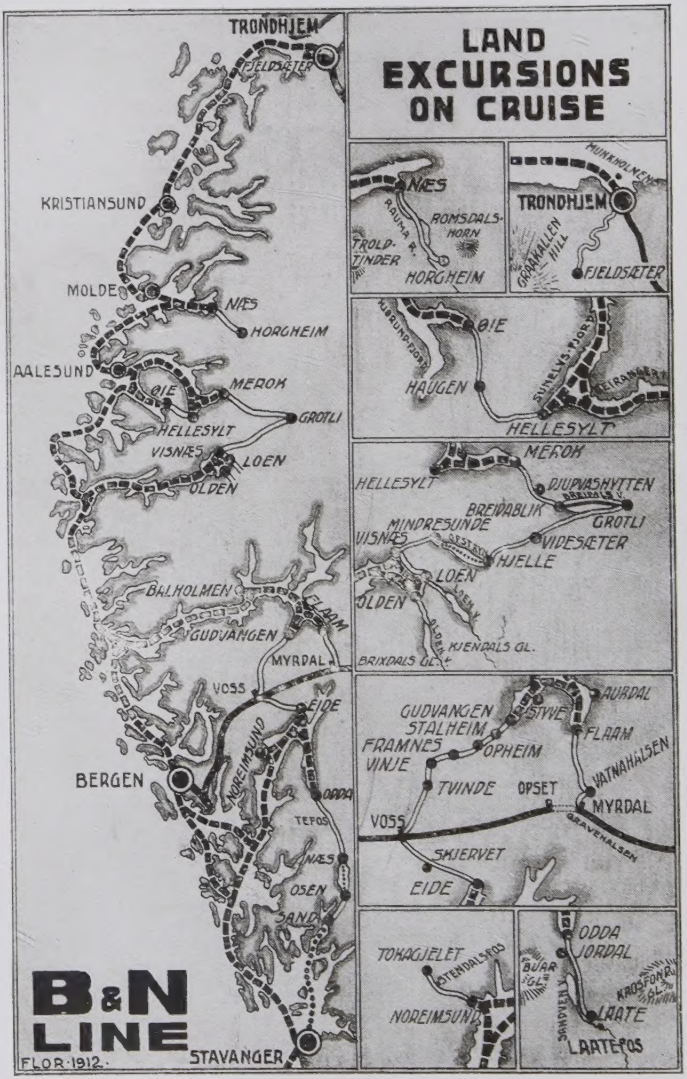
made early the second morning. This brief sea passage, during the summer holiday season, is made under the most comfortable conditions, and the prospect of making it need cause no uneasiness in the most timid seafarer, for under ordinary circum-



stances the sea is almost as calm as a lake. The coast of Norway, as seen on a map, is remarkably rugged and wave-worn, and to this fact it owes much of its wonderful grandeur; but far from being a dangerous coast, it is, from the tourist's point of view, the safest in the world. For the cruising routes, when not lying within the inland fjords, lie along smooth and beautiful channels between the mainland

DECK BILLIARDS, 'HAAKON VII'

and an almost continuous chain of islands which shelter them from the winds and waves of the sea. A yachting cruise to the fjords means the enjoyment of all the pleasures of seafaring without any of the discomforts. In addition to this, it means an ever-memorable visit to a wonderland of beauty and to a land that is widely and deservedly known as 'the health resort of Europe.'



B. & N. FJORD CRUISES. WESTERN NORWAY

'THE HEALTH RESORT OF EUROPE'

That a country situated nearly between the same lines of latitude as Greenland and Siberia should be the health resort of Europe astonishes no one who knows that Norway enjoys a remarkably high average temperature owing to the warm sea currents that flow along its coast throughout the year. Notwithstanding its northerly situation, its summer only differs from the English summer in that its sheltered valleys enjoy a more equable climate and its highlands, ranging from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above sea-level, have the clearest, driest, and most bracing atmosphere imaginable. People who spend nights up the mountains often find the cold severe, but during the day the sun usually shines warmly and brightly. It is usual to advise tourists who intend to see as much as possible of the fjords, mountains, and moorlands during a summer holiday to dress just as they would in Switzerland at the same time of the year.

THE FIRST DAY IN NORWAY

THURSDAY.—In order to give the reader some idea of the manifold delights of a holiday cruise to the Norwegian fjords, we will assume that a start is made from Newcastle on board one of the splendid steam yachts *Haakon VII* or *Irma* belonging to the well known Bergenske and Norden-fjeldske Companies (B. & N. Line). Newcastle is left at midnight on Tuesday, and early on Thursday morning we are gliding over the calm waters of the Bukken Fjord, every bend of which reveals a panoramic scene of interest and charm that is full of promise of what the immediate future has in store for us. The surface of the fjord, as a poetical fellow-passenger says, is like the placid face of a saint. Here and there little red-roofed white houses are dotted along the shore, some having fishing boats with ruddy sails

moored beside them; others, higher up the hillsides, have patches of cultivated ground around them. At some points the scenery reminds us of English fell-land. The white houses are like fell farmsteads and the bright green pastures are enclosed by stone fences forming checker-board patterns on the undulating slopes.

STAVANGER

Stavanger is not reckoned one of the picturesque towns of Norway, but the approach to it is in many ways pleasing, the waterside scenery having much of

MARKET SQUARE, STAVANGER

the quaintness of a canal-side Dutch town. Most of the older houses and quayside warehouses are built of wood, but the newer ones are of brick and stone. Behind them the hillsides are well wooded except where the town has gradually encroached upon their slopes and its red roofs stand out clear against the sky. The quays are scenes of interesting animation,

GJEILO (BERGEN–KRISTIANIA RAILWAY)

and there is plenty of evidence that Stavanger is rapidly increasing its commercial importance.

A few hours' stay at Stavanger gives us an opportunity to see the Cathedral, which was built by Reinald, a monk of Winchester, towards the end of the twelfth century, and, consequently, shows signs of Anglo-Norman influence, notably in its massive Norman arches and their ornamented capitals. Next to that of Trondhjem, this Cathedral is reckoned the finest Gothic church in Norway. Adjoining it is the quaint old Munkekirke (monks' church), once the palace of the Bishop and his private chapel; also an old fire watch tower, from which there is a splendid view of the fjords and islands. Generally there is time to see the Museum, which contains a good collection of northern antiquities; also to take a stroll through the Bjergsted, a pleasant public park on a hillside near the town.

STAVANGER TO BERGEN

As we leave Stavanger we see from the Bokn Fjord snow-capped mountains rising above the lower hills. We are now getting our first experience of the delights of fjord travelling, and only in one or two places during the ten hours' voyage to Bergen is our route unprotected by islands lying off the mainland. The shores are sterner and wilder than anywhere below Stavanger, and signs of human occupation seem fewer. Kopervik, on the island of Karmö, however, is a growing little town with a harbour that was used by the Vikings more than a thousand years ago. At Avaldsnes, near by, there is a small church with a leaning pillar beside it. The pillar, the peasants say, is imperceptibly descending, and when the top of it touches the church the world will come to an end. Haugesund, too, partly on the mainland opposite Karmö, is becoming noted for its fisheries and mercantile enterprise, though it is almost

inaccessible by land owing to the roads being interrupted by mountains and fjords.

On these wild shores there are many barrows containing interments of the Viking and prehistoric ages, while Haugesund claims to possess the tombstone of Harald Haarfager, to whose memory a red granite obelisk was erected here in 1872, on the thousandth anniversary of the famous naval victory by which he won sovereignty over the whole country. Traditionally, Harald is said to have taken a vow ten

BERGEN

years before not to cut his hair until he became king of all Norway.

The snow-covered plateau of the Folgefond forms a magnificent spectacle that can be viewed for many miles of the voyage. Difficult to distinguish at a long distance from a beautiful sunlit mass of cumulus cloud, its outlines and gleaming snow-fields gradually become more clearly defined, and the majesty of the vast plateau and its snow-wreathed slopes, with the blue of the sky beyond and the blue of the fjord below, is sublime. The end of an ever-memorable

day's voyage brings us to beautiful Bergen, one of the loveliest towns in Europe, safeguarded in its natural fortress by the rugged mountains.

BERGEN

Every year the world contains more people of many nationalities who have happy memories of the delightful old Hanseatic town of Bergen and the cordial hospitality its inhabitants extend to holiday-makers who come to it from over-sea. Built on a hilly peninsula in a deep bay within the fjord, with the rose-red church of St. John crowning its highest summit, and the houses behind the mediaeval warehouses by the waterside rising in picturesque irregularity far up the hillsides, it is nowhere seen to better advantage than from the deck of a steamer gliding up the fjord from the sea, though many of the views of it from the grey rocky 'seven hills' that enclose it are magnificent and not easily forgotten. Bergen is one of the oldest towns in Norway, and as we stroll through its spacious main streets and narrower by-ways we are constantly reminded of its antiquity. Nearly a thousand years ago it was raised to the dignity of a town by King Olaf Kyrre, and during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was the scene of some of the fiercest naval and land battles of the Norwegian civil wars. Commercial prosperity came to it with the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who, in 1445, made it one of their chief trading centres, and although some three hundred and sixty years have elapsed since the Norwegians deprived the League of its privileges, it still retains much of the mediaeval picturesqueness frequently characterizing ancient towns in which the League established itself. A spare hour in Bergen can hardly be spent more profitably than in visiting the Hanseatic Museum contained within one of the old timber-built *gaards* or warehouses built by the merchants of the League.

BERGEN QUAY AND HAAKON'S HALL

Especially interesting it is to note the internal arrangement of the house, in which the employees of the merchant were supposed to live celibate lives. In some of the rooms the original beds, tools, lamps, and merchant's office books are carefully preserved. A

BERGEN STATE RAILWAY STATION

secret staircase suggests, however, that the servants may have occasionally had welcome visitors of the fair sex to cheer their lonely lives.

The Walkendorf Tower, a defensive building partly dating from the thirteenth century, and Haakon's Hall, in which public festivals have been celebrated during six hundred years, are conspicuous objects from the quay at which our cruising yacht is moored, but Bergen is so famous for its fishing industry and picturesque fish market that nine out of ten tourists who land on the quay at once make their way round

to the square in which the market is held and spend an hour or more in watching its scenes of absorbing interest and animation. Wednesday and Saturday are the market days in Bergen; consequently we look forward to returning to this delightful old town, and spending a few more hours in it on the Saturday on which we shall leave Norway for England.

THE FANTOFT STAV-KIRKE

Our excursion from Bergen is to the famous Fantoft Church, one of those remarkable wooden 'stav-kirkes' of which there were formerly about three hundred in Norway, though now there are only about twenty-four in all. The oldest of them dates from about the year 1100, and the Fantoft Church seems to have been built during the twelfth century. It is not now in its original position, having been removed from Fortun, on the Sogne Fjord, about twenty years ago and set up on an estate now owned by a Norwegian merchant. The origin of the curious style of these buildings is doubtful, but it may have been developed from the 'hov' or temple of pagan times. The popular opinion is that the churches were planned in imitation of the old Viking ships. No doubt they are the work of shipbuilders, and it is quite likely that the decorated gables of the churches and the dragon-head beaks of the old ships were derived from a common source. Pine wood soaked with tar and oil was used in the building of the Fantoft Church, which externally shows few signs of having been exposed to all the rough weather experienced during eight hundred years. The drive to Fantoft is a very pleasant one. Among the places and objects seen are the picturesque old German Quay, the statue of Ole Bull, the famous violinist, and the beautiful lake, Lille Lungegaard, its calm waters reflecting the flanking mountains, Ulrikken and Flöien.

In the evening our party dine at the Grand Café instead of on board ship. The café orchestra pay us the compliment of playing a selection of English music, and the scenes of Continental gaiety witnessed in the charming little park near by tempt many of us to linger there until almost the last moment we can

FJÖSANGER PARK, BERGEN

remain ashore; but by eleven o'clock we are all on board the yacht again, and a few minutes later we are on our way to the Hardanger Fjord.

Given the opportunity, a day can be very pleasantly spent in Bergen, and several days in making excursions from the town by steamer, rail, and road. The Museum contains a fine and exceedingly interesting collection of Northern antiquities; some sections specially intended to illustrate life in the country districts of Norway include many of the famous bridal crowns; and there are remarkable collections of ethnographical objects from Lapland, Greenland, and Eskimo villages. The most interesting church is Maria-Kirken (St. Mary Church), which dates from the twelfth century. A stroll through the Town Park, where a band plays daily during the summer months and visitors and residents often sit in the open air outside the cafés, provides a pleasant break in the round of sight-seeing and generally conveys to the tourist the idea that he is taking part in the leisurely pastimes of some French or Swiss holiday resort rather than those of a town in the northernmost country in Europe. Time, however, is needed to become impregnated with the atmosphere and spirit of Bergen; also to make the wonderful railway journey to Christiania which amazes and delights every traveller by rail to the capital of Norway.

THE HARDANGER FJORD

Friday.—It is rarely considered good fortune to be fog-bound on board a tourist steamer, but thanks to a fog just outside Bergen Harbour we spend the few twilight hours of a summer's night at anchor and the remainder of a red-letter day in our lives in tracing the windings of the indescribably beautiful Hardanger Fjord. It is an unbroken day-dream of beauty into which scarcely any element of everyday commonplace is allowed to intrude. For weeks we have been looking

ENTRANCE TO THE HARDANGER FJORD

HARDANGER FJORD SCENERY

forward to it; great have been our anticipations; and in a few hours they are far more than realized. Bathed in the clear golden sunlight of Sunlit Norway, we pass through scenes of entrancing loveliness that gradually dissolve in aerial distance, merging in the

unstained purity of eternal snow. Here and there are barren cliffs and verdureless bluffs that might be part of a lunar landscape, but nearly everywhere the stern features of Northern Nature are seen to soften into a smile. Over the time-scarred slopes and frowning battlements of mountain and crag there is flung a fragrant mantle of living green that gives renewal of youth to hoary eld. The mountain walls of the Hardanger form no prison, but shelter innumerable peaceful homesteads, sometimes clustered in restful

ODDA

hamlets, but oftener distributed over wide expanses of verdant hillside, adding to almost every bend of the deep blue fjord that touch of human interest which distinguishes the Hardanger from the austerely primeval Sogne Fjord. Living waters burst from the solid rock and cast themselves in a thousand filmy cascades down smooth-worn or ferny clefts and rugged gorges. In the Hardanger we are close to the heart of Norway and find it, as Wergeland calls it, the 'wondrous beautiful.' The hours of daylight cannot

exhaust its loveliness, for after midnight, while we linger on deck, we see all the richest hues from Nature's palette cast upon the waters and high above them the silent snow-fields 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.'

ODDA AND THE LAATEFOSS WATERFALL

At Odda, at the head of the magnificent Sör Fjord, we come to the end of our inland voyage up the Hardanger. The carbide factories hardly add to the attractiveness of this popular little town, but nothing can detract from the wonderful picturesqueness of its surroundings. From the hill above it there is a grand view of the fjord, the mountain ranges, and the gleaming glacier of the Folgefond, covering the mountain plateau for a distance of over forty miles. From the town many people set out to explore the upper shores of the Hardanger, or to drive to the famous Laatefoss,

S/Y IRMA' AT ODDA

THE LAATEFOSS WATERFALL

one of the most magnificent waterfalls in Norway. The latter is the excursion arranged for us, and no one can afford to miss it, although the rival attractions of the Folgefond and the Buarbrae Glacier are hard to resist.

The stol-kjaerre drive to the Laatefoss affords fine views of the great plateau glacier and of Lake

BUARBRÆ GLACIER

Sandven, which is fed by torrents and waterfalls from the melting ice. Further on the Buar Valley is entered and the beautiful Hildafoss waterfall is seen. Clouds of spray illuminated by iridescent rainbows are visible long before the Laatefoss is reached, and as the falls are approached the scene becomes grand and awe-inspiring. Actually there are three falls, the Laatefoss and the Skarfoss, the waters of which unite below, the beautiful broad veil-like Espelandafoss descending nearly opposite them.

THE SÖR FJORD

The return journey down the Sör Fjord gives us another opportunity for enjoying the incomparable loveliness of the grandest arm of the Hardanger Fjord, and early in the evening a call is made at the charming village of Eide, where some of our fellow-passengers land in order to make the overland excursion to Voss and the Sogne Fjord. Most of us, however, are quite content to remain on board the yacht, where, in the twilight of a perfect summer's evening, our impressions of Eide are of a place of the most restful tranquillity, its silence and peace broken only by the soothing murmur of a silvery cascade that seems to hang from a sheer mountain-side like a streamer of lace. Later in the evening we are at Norheimsund, where we get a grand view of the Folgefond, loiter for a while beneath the thundering Stendals Waterfall, and find it hard to realize that all we have seen since daybreak is not part of a glorious dream. The drive past the waterfall into the rugged Tokagjelet ravine is not a long one, but the scenery along the road is remarkably fine. Norheimsund, owing to its delightful situation, is fast becoming one of the most

EIDE (HARDANGER)

VOSS VOSSEVANGEN

popular holiday centres of the Hardanger district. We would gladly make a longer stay in it, but our departure is fixed for midnight so that we may touch at Bergen again early on Saturday morning and later in the day arrive in the Sogne Fjord. Some of us choose to make an overland journey from Bergen to Voss, Myrdal, and Flaam, partly by road and partly by rail. Those who do so are well repaid by the

VOSS: FLEISCHER'S HOTEL FROM THE VANGS VAND

interest of the important tourist station of Voss and its surroundings; of Myrdal, which is becoming a centre for winter sports and especially for ski-ing; and by the wonderful winding descent of the road into the grand Flaam Valley, where the mountain scenery is wonderfully wild and impressive. This overland journey begins by train at 8.15 a.m. and ends at Flaam late in the afternoon, the travellers re-

FJORD SCENERY IN THE SOGN DISTRICT

VATNAHALSEN HOTEL, MYRDAL

embarking on the yacht about six o'clock in the evening.

In taking leave of the Hardanger we do not forget that it was from this beautiful fjord the Norwegian Vikings are recorded to have first set sail for England, landing near Dorchester in the reign of Beorhtric, King of Wessex, and initiating that series of raids which eventually resulted in the Northmen firmly establishing themselves in the ancient Kingdom of Northumbria.

THE SOGNE FJORD

Saturday.—The little steamboats from the villages along the fjords are coming into Bergen Harbour with their cargoes of fruit and vegetables for the market when we leave our moorings and start for the Sogne Fjord. A fresh breeze has sprung up during the night, and the blue waters through which our steamer

ploughs her way are flecked with foam. On our way up the coast to the entrance to the longest fjord in Norway we are still sheltered by the outlying islands, but to-day they are swept by a sea wind that brings with it the salt savour of ocean waves.

The Sogne Fjord seems to give physical expression to the sterner side of Norwegian nature and history, to be haunted by the spirits of the Vikings whose clamorous war-cries were echoed by its rugged rocks a thousand years ago. Long stretches of it are wild, lonesome solitudes with sombre ravines streaked with frozen mountain streams from snowy slopes and icy table-lands. About 100 miles in length, this grand fjord is nowhere more than four miles wide, and in some

IN THE FLAAM VALLEY

BALHOLMEN (SOGN)

places almost sheer mountain walls rise above dark waters 4,000 feet deep. In the mysterious recesses of its gloomy gorges the old Norse mythology had its home, and they should be the last retreat of those trolls and gnomes, elfish spirits of fell and forest, by whom they were believed to be inhabited long after faith in Odin, Thor, and Freyr had been abandoned for the worship of the 'White Christ.' The rugged peaks, deep cleft gorges, and swelling bluffs are Titanic. Into some of the deep ravines the light of the sun does not penetrate for weeks together. Northward stretches the Jostedalbrae, the largest ice-field in Europe, covering an area of nearly 600 square miles, and from it enormous glaciers descend. The mountains are from 2,000 to 5,000 feet in height. Signs of human occupation of the shores of the fjord are fewer than along the Hardanger, but on some

small tracts of comparatively level land at the foot of the mountains and facing south there are popular tourist resorts, to which many people are attracted by the wildness and grandeur of the scenery.

One of the most beautiful of these resorts is Bal-

VATNAHALSEN: FLAAM VALLEY
THE ROARING 'KJOSE FOSS'

holmen, which is reached during the afternoon. It is built on the north shore of the Sogne Fjord, at the entrance to the Fjaerland Fjord. During the summer months it is thronged with visitors. Opposite the

town, on a conspicuous rock promontory, is a fine statue of Fridthjof, the hero of the famous mythical saga familiar to most of us through Longfellow's translation from the Swedish of 'Fridthjof's Homestead' and 'Fridthjof's Temptation.' Few views of the Sogne Fjord are more magnificent than that which can be enjoyed from a steamer's deck as she lies at

GUDVANGEN

anchor off Balholmen, surrounded by towering mountains with summits white with snow.

Early in the evening we call at Flaam, a verdant spot overhung by lofty bluffs from which waterfalls fling themselves down 2,000 feet to the fjord. Passengers who re-embark here after the overland journey from Bergen and Eide are full of the marvels of the wonderful road that has been cut out of the solid rock down the Flaamsdal, and especially of its extraordinary descent, by sixteen zigzag loops, down the steep cliff from Myrdal.

GUDVANGEN AND THE NAERÖ FJORD

We spend the night at Gudvangen, the steamer lying at rest on the calm waters of the Naerö Fjord, the wildest and grandest arm of the Sogne Fjord. We arrive at this picturesque and romantically situated village about nine o'clock, after passing through the narrowest clefts and deepest chasms of the Sogne

GUDVANGEN (SOGN)

mountains. Until midnight we ramble beside a beautiful rock-bound stream that dashes in cataracts and rapids down the Naerödal to the fjord; watch a country girl milking her goats as they come to her one by one when she calls them by name; or loiter around the quaint little quay. After returning to the yacht we are lulled to sleep by the murmuring of a score of mountain 'fosses' leaping down into one of the grandest gorges in Western Norway. It has been said that the Naerö Fjord and the Naerödal appear to have been formed by a slash of a gigantic sword which clove the mountains asunder. So narrow is the gorge and so lofty are the mountains that some of the inhabitants of the shores see the sun only for a few weeks in the year. Often there are avalanches and landslides, causing at times an air pressure against which farmhouses have to be protected by thick stone walls. In the great temple at Upsala the statue of Thor occupied the central position among the gods because he was believed to be the most powerful and to govern the thunder and lightning, the winds and rains. His chief weapon, the thunderbolt, 'Thor's hammer,' seems to have left its mark everywhere upon the shattered crags and riven ravines of the magnificent Naerö Fjord.

A STOL-KJAERRE DRIVE TO STALHEIM

SUNDAY.—Early on Sunday morning, before the resounding clangour of the first breakfast gong has awakened heavy sleepers, many of us are up on deck drinking in fresh pure air cooled by the misty spray of innumerable waterfalls, and are looking forward eagerly to the drive we are to take through the glorious Naerödal. A hundred or so yards away, on the primitive little Gudvangen quay, we can see a long row of slightly-built stol-kjaerres, each with its plump, sturdy pony, and previous experience of the national vehicle for Norwegian road travel is enough

THE NAERODAL FROM STALHEIM

to convince us that, given fine weather—and of that we are assured—a delightful day lies before us. True, the roads in Norway are often somewhat loose and dusty, but on the whole driving by stol-kjaerre is a comfortable mode of travel, and the grandeur of the scenery more than atones for any slight discomfort that may attend the enjoying of it. Each little gig-like vehicle has accommodation for two persons on a seat in front, the driver—generally a man or boy, but sometimes a buxom peasant girl—occupying a small 'dicky' behind and driving with the reins passing between the two passengers. A procession of stol-kjaerres winding its way up a steeply ascending mountain pass, and often pursuing such a serpentine course that three or four bends of it are visible directly in front of the passengers at the 'tail end,' somewhat suggests the movements of a huge centipede. Occasionally the traveller is expected to get out and walk up an unusually steep hill, but ordinarily the sturdy and sedate pony is quite capable of drawing its load up roads that would soon bring an English horse to a stubborn standstill. For this, no doubt, good feeding and kind treatment are largely responsible. Almost invariably the fell farmers and other men who drive the stol-kjaerres entirely dispense with the whip and lead their ponies up difficult hills. A word to a Norwegian pony quickly stimulates it to greater effort than would a lash or a blow, and, except by a very few inconsiderate foreigners, the exhortation often seen at the posting stations, 'Be good to the horse,' is cheerfully obeyed. An impulse to drive quickly is rarely felt in a country where every bend of the road reveals an enchanting scene, and unless there happens to be a great difference in pace between two ponies one driver seldom attempts to pass another. Indeed, it is considered 'bad form' to do so. When two vehicles meet, each keeps to the right, but when one overtakes another, and one driver wishes to pass

the other, he never does so without asking leave. To timid persons the first stol-kjaerre drive, if it be up a steep mountain road, may be rather an ordeal owing

GUDVANGEN (SOGN)

to the road skirting the edges of steep precipices two or three hundred feet deep and only bordered by boulders placed at what may seem to be too wide intervals; but in a little while the traveller learns to

rely on the docility and mule-like sure-footedness of his pony and looks unmoved upon the apparent dangers of the way.

THE NAERÖDAL

The Naerödal, up which we start from Gudvangen about ten o'clock in the morning, is an inland continuation of the grand Naerö Fjord and is characterized by the same wild scenery. It is a deep, dark narrow valley down which a roaring mountain stream rushes over a rocky bed and from which the road affords fine views of the great rounded cone of the Jordalsnut, a mountain of light grey syenite rising to the height of 3,610 feet. To all appearance the summit of this conspicuous mountain is inaccessible, but it is not nearly so difficult to climb as it looks, and with the aid of a guide it can be ascended in about three hours. The drive to the foot of the Stalheim cliff is one of about one and a half hours, and almost everywhere along the road the remains of rock avalanches can be seen in the shape of huge boulders

NORD FJORD SCENE

lying by the roadside or in the river bed. Near the foot of the cliff or 'klev' we alight from our stolkjaerres and set out on foot to follow the steep zigzag road which makes fourteen curves before reaching the top. To all except the young and active—many of whom take short cuts from bend to bend by scrambling up footpaths among the trees and rocks—the climb proves to be a bit laborious; but every one is rewarded for the effort by views of two beautiful waterfalls, the Sivlefoss and the Stalheimfoss, and the grand outlook from the summit of the cliff. The Sivlefoss presents a magnificent spectacle as it thunders down from an immense height, its misty spray being gloriously tinged with rainbow hues. From near the road it is seen across a wide ravine, but the spray falls like mist drops on our faces and keeps the ferns and wild flowers fresh and fragrant all around. Our amateur photographers are busy to-day, and are to be envied their opportunities for selecting picturesque and beautiful subjects for sun-printed pictures of Norway.

STALHEIM

The Stalheim Hotel, where lunch is ready for us, occupies as fine a position as any in the country. From the summit of the cliff on which it stands there is a glorious view of the Naerödal, and from its garden we look down a sheer precipice upon the road below. In the afternoon light the view of the deep and sombre mountain-flanked dale is undoubtedly one of the finest in Norway. From here, as from the bottom of the valley, the mighty dome of the Jordalsnut dominates the scene, but the highest mountain seen is the Kaldafjeld, which rises to the height of 4,265 feet. Even though we have all acquired keen appetites by our toilsome climb up the cliff, we find it hard to turn our eyes away from the magnificent views when the luncheon gong sounds, but

STALHEIM MONUMENT TO THE POET OF STALHEIM

in a dilatory fashion we eventually take our seats in the spacious dining saloon of the hotel, around tables on which little flags of many nations are displayed. The room is designed to represent the interior of an old Norwegian hall or house of the better class, such as during the long winter evenings was lighted by a fire burning on the central flat-stone hearth or by torches of resinous pine-wood stuck in holders in the walls. The chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and the lamps along the walls are reproductions of antique examples preserved in museums. The brightly-coloured rugs and the tapestry adorning the walls are typical Norwegian work, such as may have been done in the days of which the sagas tell, when, as a verse in the Rigsthula relates :—

> The father sat
> and twined his bowstring,
> bent elm for bow
> and hafted arrows.
> But the housewife thought .
> of handiwork,

and wove the beautiful embroidered mantles of which fragments have been found in burial mounds dating from the Viking Age. As we sit at lunch we are waited upon by girls wearing the picturesque old national dress, and if it were not for the excellence of the repast and the presence of wines and modern dishes in the menu we might easily imagine that we are taking part in a festival celebrating the return of some *vesterviking* Northman or some chieftain who fought by the side of Harald Haarfager in the battle of Hafrsfjord more than a thousand years ago.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT IN NORWAY

After a last lingering look from the Stalheim heights down the wondrous Naerödal, we descend the zigzag road, rejoin the cavalcade of stol-kjaerres awaiting us below, and are soon back again on board the yacht.

THE KJENDAL GLACIER (NORDFJORD DISTRICT)

STALHEIM

At three o'clock in the afternoon she leaves her anchorage, and after bidding farewell to lovely Gudvangen we return down the Naerö Fjord, seeing once more beautiful Balholmen, where we exchange salutes by means of our small cannon with another of the B. & N. Co.'s steam yachts, the *Vega,* which, with a party of tourists on board, is making a brief stay. After dinner an impromptu concert is held in the ladies' drawing-room, and while an excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music is being carried out our vessel steams swiftly down the fjord, those of us who remain on deck storing up enchanting memories of a beautiful summer's evening in Norway when mountain, sky, and placid fjord are revealing such glorious hues as hold us spellbound and silent by their loveliness. Also we think of what a wonderful day we have spent, and agree with Du

Chaillu when he writes that, 'There is no other valley in Norway, through which a high road passes, that can compare for weird scenery with the Naerödal,' and of the Naerö Fjord that the beauty of its scenery is always greatest after sunset on a summer day before the twilight has disappeared. 'Such an austere grandeur is given to these gigantic walls by the

STALHEIM KLEV

twilight, and their outlines look so like grim phantoms, that I doubt if there be anywhere a more weird and sombre sea-view than that of the narrow Naerö Fjord. . . . The first time I entered the Naerö an exclamation of admiration burst involuntarily from

my lips—I became spellbound before the stupendous panorama; the sublimity of the weird scene impressed me with a feeling of awe and wonder.'

THE NORD FJORD

MONDAY.—We awake on Monday morning to find ourselves in the beautiful Nord Fjord, where much

FALLS OF SKJERVEFOSS (HARDANGER DISTRICT)

of the scenery is in striking contrast with that of the Sogne Fjord and its cavernous clefts. The mountain slopes are more verdant and small villages and hamlets are more freely distributed along the steep shores. Yet although the scenery is less stern and wild than

that which so greatly impressed us yesterday, the Nord Fjord has been well described as the 'home of the glacier,' and that glacier, the Jostedalbrae, occupying an irregular plateau 580 square miles in extent, is the largest in Europe. At its highest point, which can be reached from the head of the Fjaerland Fjord, it attains 6,400 feet. 'Whether we turn our gaze to right or left,' says a recent writer on the Nord Fjord, 'the bluish-green ice-curtain overhangs the mountains which rise to a height of 6,000 feet. Wherever there is a cleft in the mountain we see the glacier's arms descending to the fjord.' Nearly everywhere this vast ice-field is from 1,400 to 1,600 feet thick, only a few rocky knolls breaking through the mantle of ice. Into the neighbouring valleys it sends down twenty-six glaciers, one of which we are to visit this morning after a drive to Vasenden and a short journey by steamer on the picturesque Lake Loen. Meanwhile we almost grudge the time taken up by breakfast because it cannot also be devoted to enjoyment of the beauty of the third of the great inland fjords of Norway. Most of the mountains bordering it have isolated snow-capped peaks from which the waters from the melting glaciers descend in lace-like cascades and rock-broken waterfalls. As we approach its innermost recesses the shores of the fjord become grander and more Alpine, comparable only with the mountains of Switzerland, yet embodying most of the characteristic charms of Norwegian scenery. We are so entranced by their grandeur and varied loveliness that we would regret having to land from the yacht if we did not know that in the evening it will return down the fjord and give us opportunities for enjoying them again.

Those of our party who wish to make a two-days' overland journey to Merok, at the head of the Geiranger Fjord, have to land, however, at eight o'clock in the morning at Visnaes, where carrioles and

stol-kjaerres are waiting to convey them to the shores of Lake Stryn. From thence they are taken by steamer to Hjelle. Then their route lies through the magnificent Via Valley to the summit of a mountain pass, over a table-land to the frozen Lake Djupvand, and down a wonderful zigzag road which we shall travel to-morrow and which runs down to Merok. The rest of us wave farewell to them from the yacht's side and then prepare for our own landing at Loen, a small village which is a favourite centre with climbers bent on ascending the Nordfjord mountains and glaciers.

LAKE LOEN

By ten o'clock we are on our way to the shores of Lake Loen, where we go on board the little lake steamer *Lodölen*, which has been awaiting our arrival at Vasenden. Just before moorings are cast off from

LOEN LAKE (NORD FJORD)

'HAAKON VII' AT LOEN

the quay, we are joined by half a dozen girls wearing the picturesque national peasant costume and who prove to be the waitresses who will attend to our needs when we lunch at a little restaurant on the landing-stage after our return from the glacier. The lake is about seven and a half miles long, and surrounded by towering, precipitous mountains, from the summits of which masses of ice from the huge glacier sometimes hurl themselves down into the water. In places, however, there are lovely little green valleys with wooded slopes, farmsteads, and cottages. As we draw near the upper end of the lake the scene of a terrible disaster is pointed out to us. On our right the steep, saw-toothed Ravnefjeld rises to the height of 6,500 feet and there is a huge cavity in the mountain-side, from which, on January 15, 1905, an enormous portion of the cliff broke away and fell into the lake. It caused a great wave on the surface which swept away several farmsteads or 'gaards' on the east bank and drowned sixty-one of the people inhabiting them. A lake steamer, which was torn from her moorings by the wave, was carried over a ridge and left far up the mountain-side, where it lies to-day, 'a striking witness to the power of the forces of Nature amid which the people of the valley dwell.' We are interested in learning that the engines were taken out of the wreck and are now in use in the little steamer which is carrying us up the lake.

THE KJENDAL GLACIER

After landing at the Kjendal pier, less than an hour's walk up the valley brings us to the foot of the glacier, from which streams and waterfalls descend, feeding a crystal clear river that flows with torrential swiftness down the lovely dale. The scene is wonderfully impressive, for the glacier descends far below the snow-line, forcing its way imperceptibly down a great cleft in the mountain-side, bringing with it huge

OLDEN LAKE, NORD FJORD

LOEN LAKE (NORDFJORD DISTRICT)

boulders of rock, such as lie heaped together in the terminal moraine. Around rise bold headlands, stupendous crags, and steep peaks, and beyond them lies the vast white ice-mantle of the Jostedalbrae. We are warned not to attempt to climb the glacier, or even go too near it, because of the danger of falling rocks and stones; but from boulders lying beside the roughest of footpaths or in the bed of the glacial stream we get good views of the face of the greenish-blue ice-wall that blocks up the head of the valley. It is the first near view of a valley glacier we have had since we reached Norway, and while we trace the course by which the ice descends the mountain cleft we are not surprised that many climbers find it impossible to resist the temptation to make a journey across the wide white ice-field that covers like a roof the great plateau stretching between the Nord and Sogne Fjords.

Our scramble over the rocks and boulders as we retrace our steps to the shore of the lake gives us a keen appetite for the luncheon we find ready for us there. During our return voyage down the lake we land to see the wreck of the old steamer *Lodölen* lying on the mountain-side. Bit by bit she is being demolished by those curious tourists who have a mania for collecting such souvenirs as can only be secured by destroying or defacing interesting monuments; but although even the flakes of oxidized iron with which the sides of the steamer are encrusted seem to be in demand, many years must elapse before this relic of the catastrophe caused by the great landslide can entirely disappear.

In the evening the steamer returns down the Nord Fjord and we see some magnificent colour effects produced by the light of the setting sun illuminating the clouds and falling upon the mountain peaks rising high above them. Over one range of mountains the clouds seem to be breaking like the huge surf-whitened

rollers of a stormy sea. Such grand cloudscapes are by no means the least wonderful sights to be witnessed during a cruise among the Norwegian fjords.

THE HJÖRUND AND GEIRANGER FJORDS

TUESDAY.—Next morning we are in the Hjörund Fjord. It is only about twenty-five miles long, and nowhere more than two miles wide; but while passing up it we see some of the finest scenery in Europe. From a distance, before entering the fjord, we get

HELLESYLT

a grand view of the rugged and almost inaccessible peaks of the Söndmöre Alps, some of which are still unscaled, although one by one they are being conquered by English and Norwegian climbers. We have to be up early to see these magnificent peaks, but are well rewarded for the slight effort necessary before we can leave our comfortable cabins after enjoying only a few hours' sleep. Walled in on either side by lofty mountains, the fjord is somewhat gloomy, and this is in keeping with an old tradition that long

NORANGSFJORD AT ÖIE

ago, when Norway was visited by the Black Death, the whole population of the shores of the fjord fell victims to the pestilence except one woman whose name was Hjörund. Afterwards the valley is said—with how much truth we know not—to have been re-peopled from Scotland. 'The inhabitants,' we are told, 'dour as their surroundings, have certainly some of the characteristics of the Scots.'

All along the Hjörund Fjord the views are of grand mountain ranges and peaks, deep clefts here and there affording glimpses of the snow-fields and glaciers above. Presently we enter an arm called the Norangsfjord, where the scenery is of a similar Alpine character. At Öie, which is reached about eight o'clock in the morning, passengers are landed who wish to drive through the beautiful Norangsdal and rejoin the yacht at Hellesylt, near the mouth of the Geiranger Fjord. The Norangsdal is one of the most famous valleys in Norway. Much of its scenery is often likened to that of the Wetterhorn near Grindelwald. A landslip that occurred in 1908 has, to some extent, altered the aspect of the valley by damming up a river and forming a lake beside which a new road has had to be constructed. Öie is beautifully situated in a sheltered spot amid the mountains. The most noteworthy of these, perhaps, is the jagged Slogen (5,210 feet), which can be climbed, with a guide, in about four hours. The view from its summit, including the many peaks of the Söndmöre Alps, is described by Mr. Slingsby, the author of that well-known book for mountaineers, 'Norway, the Northern Playground,' as one of the noblest in Europe.

After our overland travellers have come on board again at Hellesylt, we steam up the wondrous Geiranger Fjord, the scenery of which beggars description. The mountains close in upon us until the fjord is hardly anywhere more than a quarter of a mile wide, the sheer cliffs on either side often rising

GEIRANGER

to a height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet. Innumerable waterfalls pour down from them, some falling straight down for more than 2,000 feet and dispersing themselves in a shower of misty rain before they reach the fjord; others wind like white lace down the rugged slopes. The best known and most beautiful of these falls are the Seven Sisters, which we see at their best owing to the almost continuous warm sunshine of the previous week having melted the snow on the heights and swelled the torrents that rush down to the fjord. Gleaming like silver against the black rock, the falling water of these lovely cascades seems to descend so slowly from an immense height that it is easy to imagine that it is suspended in air. Nearly opposite, on the other side of the fjord, is the Pulpit Rock, a striking example of the curious formations often produced by Nature's unconscious architecture. Some of the inhabitants of the shores live in cottages perched

like eagles' nests over 3,000 feet above the water, and are said to tether their children like goats, while they are at play, so that they may not fall over the precipices into the abyss. Sometimes, when a funeral takes place, the coffin has to be lowered down the cliffs by means of ropes.

A WONDERFUL MOUNTAIN ROAD

At two o'clock in the afternoon we arrive at Merok, where the yacht anchors for eight hours to enable us to drive up the mountain to the frozen lake of Djupvand, situated at a height of 3,400 feet above the fjord. Merok is a charming and prosperous village built on an old glacial moraine. Save in its surroundings, it somewhat suggests a Dutch village, being neat as the proverbial new pin. The view of it from the fjord is delightfully picturesque, and when we land some of the members of our party are late in getting into the stol-kjaerres owing to the fascination of the choice examples of native embroidery and wood-carving offered for sale in the little shops.

MEROK

The long drive up to the lake is a wonderful experience, and most of the way up the steep winding road the ponies can only go so slowly that some of us who prefer to walk have no difficulty in keeping ahead of them. The extraordinary hairpin curves and doubles upon itself made by the road amaze us. In one place it completes a circle, so that the foremost vehicles in the long procession cross a bridge beneath which the hindermost are passing. Some qualms are felt by a few travellers when they look straight down over the side of their stol-kjaerre into the bed of a gorge hundreds of feet below; but by this time most of us have learnt to rely on the sure-footedness of the plump and docile Norwegian pony, and there is no real reason to fear an accident. The drive takes us far beyond the point where snow-drifts often hide and block up the road and where some of the drifts are still lying. Looking back we have grand views, first of the Geiranger Fjord with our steamer lying at rest on its calm waters, looking no bigger than a toy ship; afterwards of a vast green and sunny valley criss-crossed in all directions by a silvery stream. The mountain torrents are magnificent in their wild raging. Their cool spray is often driven across the road like rain. Up and up we go, yet even when we have reached our journey's end there are rocky peaks towering high above us. Altogether it is a wonderful drive upon a marvellous road that is partly blasted out of the solid rock and which nearly everywhere represents a triumph of road-making ingenuity. As one of our drivers—many of whom have lived in America and speak English—solemnly assures us, the journey is one of 'ten miles there and exactly ten miles back!' The beautiful colour and surprising variety of the wild flowers blooming in the valley pastures and on the mountain-sides delight us, as do the graceful ferns rooted in the gorges and rocky clefts. The Djupvand Lake has wild and grand sur-

MEROK, GEIRANGER FJORD

SEVEN SISTERS' WATERFALL (GEIRANGER FJORD)

roundings. Even at Midsummer its blue waters are often covered with ice. Tea is provided for us in a chalet beside the lake, and after partaking of it we return to Merok in time to spend an hour or so in rambling about the village before the yacht leaves at ten o'clock.

The drive to the frozen lake is not easily to be forgotten by any one who has taken it. In a few hours he is carried from the warm sunshine and flower-decked meadows of the valley to the 'eternal winter of the mountains,' and on the way he passes through scenes of almost unequalled loveliness, grandeur, and charm. The vast amphitheatre formed by the mountain walls of the valley is one of the most impressive places in Norway, and the variety of its scenery is one of its chief attractions. The silvery streams gleaming amid the meadows and the picturesque chalet-like houses of the village are in striking contrast with the roaring torrents, the eternal snow, and the beetling crags that overhang the road and often rise to inaccessible heights. In the little birch woods there are more small birds than we have as yet seen anywhere in Norway, and high up above the lower snow-drifts we hear a cuckoo calling from near the summit of a castle-like cliff. The road is a wonderful link between the beautiful fjord and the icy fjeld, and its mountain scenery is superb. There are few places we have seen in Norway we are more loth to leave than Merok, where many days might be delightfully spent in exploring the shores of the Geiranger Fjord and seeing the wonders of mountain-walled valley, torrent and waterfall, Alpine height and frozen fjeld.

THE ROMSDAL AND THE MOLDE FJORD

Wednesday.—Early on Wednesday morning we arrive at Nes—sometimes called Aandalsnes—a busy little tourist centre at the mouth of the famous salmon river Rauma and on the shore of the mountain-girt

NES, ROMSDAL VALLEY

Ise Fjord. Between breakfast and luncheon we are to drive up the Romsdal to Horgheim and see what is generally reckoned to be the best-known of Norwegian valleys and the most remarkable for the ruggedness of its mountains and the loveliness of its scenery. The valley is one of the great highways of the country, and travellers who arrive at Nes by road or steamer are generally glad to have an opportunity for exploring the neighbouring mountain roads and dales. The town is exceedingly picturesque as well as beautifully situated, but there is little in it that suggests how glorious is the prospect unfolded to the rambler or the rider in a stol-kjaerre who leaves it in order to make his way up the Romsdal.

People spend weeks in the Romsdal to enjoy its scenery, and as there are several good hotels and exceptional facilities of making driving excursions they do so under the most comfortable conditions. On the quay something like thirty stol-kjaerres are in readiness for our party; also two or three caleches,

each capable of containing four persons in addition to the driver and drawn by a pair of ponies wearing harness interestingly ornamented with trappings that might very well date from mediaeval times. In winter the peace of the valley is often broken by the booming and roaring of avalanches of snow and rock descending from the mountains, but to-day the fruitful fields and flowery meadows beside the rippling Rauma are bathed in bright sunshine and the scene along the river banks is everywhere one of midsummer repose and charm. High on either hand, however, rise the glittering summits of snow-clad mountains, and as Nes is left further and further behind their grandeur increases until it becomes majestic and sublime.

THE MATTERHORN OF NORWAY

We soon distinguish the mighty Romsdalshorn, the Matterhorn of Norway, which dominates the valley from one side while the equally impressive Troldtinder rears its fantastically jagged peaks on the other, although there are other mountain giants bordering the dale, one of which, the Vengetinder, attains the height of 5,950 feet. Until 1881 the grand peak of the Romsdalshorn had been unclimbed by any Englishman, and when Mr. C. Hall scaled it in that year he was then believed to have made the first ascent; but subsequently it transpired that two local farmers had climbed it in 1832, 'more as a piece of bravado than as a serious attempt at conquering the apparently inaccessible.' Having reached the summit of the peak, they are said to have been so horrified at the prospect of descending it that they remained there two days before venturing to come down. The first ascent of the Troldtinder was made in 1870, and of the highest peak of the Vengetinder in 1881 by Mr. Slingsby, who four years later also placed to his credit the Mjölnir, which he claims to be the steepest mountain

DISTANT VIEW OF ROMSDALSHORN

in Europe. The summit of the Troldtinder is fretted with a serried line of peaks—the Witches' Peaks—sometimes called by the peasants the Bridal Procession. Particular peaks are often likened to a cathedral, a dog, and an ancient crone, while others are known as the King, the Queen, and the Bishop. The loftiest peak is estimated to rise to a height of about 5,900 feet.

The valley narrows in places until the road and the foaming river Rauma seem to fill the entire space below the steep slopes of the mountains, and many waterfalls descend into it from great heights. The grandest of these falls, the Mongefoss, comes down the side of the Mongegjura some little distance beyond the Horgheim Hotel. Nearly everywhere, however, the floor of the valley is well wooded and park-like—in impressive contrast with the ruggedness of the mountains. The slopes are strewn with the débris of rock avalanches, many of which descend from the Troldtinder in winter, leaving their huge boulders to add to the picturesqueness of the riversides and pastures below. One little hamlet, Aak, is reckoned among the beauty spots of the valley. Lady Beauclerk, in 'A Summer and Winter in Norway,' writes that 'Aak will always be to me the pearl of Norway and the gem of my imagination. No description can do it justice.' Mr. Paul du Chaillu also speaks highly of Aak, where there is a good hotel, almost surrounded by the river about three miles from Nes.

MOLDE AND THE ROMSDAL RANGE

After a brief halt at Horgheim, where the finest scenery of the Romsdal comes to an end, we retrace our steps to Nes and find lunch ready for us on board the yacht. During the afternoon our cruise is continued through the glorious Molde Fjord to the beautifully-situated town of Molde, where about an

hour is spent before we start again, and where some of our passengers land in order to motor to Battenfjord, and, after a steamer trip to Kristiansund, rejoin us there later in the evening. We find Molde a remarkably clean, bright and flourishing town enjoying a sheltered position, and, consequently, a mild climate although it lies three degrees further north than Petrograd. There are many good shops, in some of which we secure interesting Norwegian antiquities and specimens of curious, beautiful, and skilfully wrought native handiwork. The town is

MOLDE

famous for its roses and other fragrant flowers, which bloom luxuriantly in its lovely gardens, mingling their perfume with the scent of birch and wild cherry. It is a very popular holiday resort, partly on account of the excellent accommodation it provides, but chiefly because of its magnificent views of the glorious Romsdal range of mountains. Beyond the broad fjord extends a wonderful panorama, including the summits of the Langefjeld and Dovre, the Söndmöre Alps, the needles of the Troldtinder, and the conspicuous cone of the Romsdalshorn. No town in Norway com-

WITCHES' PEAKS, ROMSDAL

mands grander views of the mountains than Molde, and we leave it with the less regret because we know that in the course of a day or two, when we shall be homeward bound, we shall see its sweeping semi-circle of snow-clad peaks again. Before we leave, however, most of us manage to find our way into the church and see the beautiful painting of the 'Women at the Sepulchre' by the Norwegian artist Axel Enders, which adorns the altar and of which some good reproductions can be purchased at little kiosks opposite the main entrance to the church.

KRISTIANSUND

During the evening a short sea passage and a somewhat longer one within far-outlying islands brings the steamer to Kristiansund, one of the busiest and most picturesque ports in Norway. Although it is eleven o'clock at night when we enter the harbour, it is almost broad daylight, and no detail of colour or form in the surrounding landscape is obscure. We find much to interest us in the pictures presented by the shipping, quays, brightly-painted houses, wharf-side warehouses, and their background of rock. There cannot be said to be any night in Kristiansund at this time of the year, and at midnight, when we leave our moorings, the quays are still thronged with people, some of whom are hard at work loading steamers from the heaps of various merchandize lying on the wharves. Few places in Europe provide a greater surprise than Kristiansund when the incoming steamer rounds a rocky point and the bright, thriving, and interesting town reveals itself behind it. It is a rapidly growing town and an important fishing port, possessing a harbour, enclosed by four islands, in which a large fleet of ships can be moored. We wonder, as we look over the yacht's side upon the crowds of busy folk on the quays and in the streets,

SOGNE FJORD

how and when the Norwegians of this part of the country manage to get enough sleep when business seems to be carried on almost as briskly during the night as in the daytime; but when we reach Trondhjem the mystery is partly explained by the fact that many business men, as well as men and women who have little or nothing to do, generally retire for a two-hours' nap in a summer afternoon.

THE VIKING CAPITAL OF NORWAY

THURSDAY.—The fine old city of Trondhjem stands on a peninsula formed by the bend made by the beautiful Nidelv river as it flows down from Lake Selbu to the Trondhjem Fjord. It was founded far back in pagan times, probably long before King Olaf Tryggveson—whom Carlyle calls 'the wildly beautifullest man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North'—in 997 moved his centre of government from the bluff headland of Lade to the site of the present town. Olaf gave to his new capital the name of Nidaros, and as such it was known for some centuries after. His successor, Olaf the Saint, fell in the Battle of Stiklestad, fought in 1030 not far from the town; and upon the site of the Church of St. Olaf, in which his body finally rested, the present Cathedral was built. In recent years the city has grown considerably, and picturesque suburbs have come into existence on the opposite bank of the Nidelv and on the hillsides around. Meanwhile a large number of fine stone buildings have taken the place of older ones built of wood; wide streets and spacious promenades have been laid out; and a good service of electric tramcars in the principal streets makes all the most noteworthy places of interest easily accessible.

First impressions of Trondhjem are generally distinctly pleasing, and an extended acquaintance with

TRONDHJEM

the old Viking capital of Norway almost invariably results in the visitor forming a strong attachment to a town renowned for its interest and hospitality. Seen from the deck of the yacht as she draws near the quay, it shows few signs of its great antiquity. These must be sought for in the Cathedral and in some of the by-ways where modern buildings have not yet replaced quaint old timber houses such as formerly bordered the main streets. A long day is given us to explore the city and its surroundings, and the more we see of it the greater are our regrets that we must so soon leave it. At the outset of our rambles we cordially agree with the late Lord Dufferin, who, in describing his first glimpse of Trondhjem, wrote, 'I cannot tell with what eagerness I drank in all the features of this lovely scene—at least such features as time can hardly alter—the glancing river, from which the city's ancient name of Nidaros, or "Mouth of the Nid," is derived, the rocky island of Munkholm, the bluff of Lade, the landlocked fjord and its pleasant hills—beyond whose grey stone ridges I knew must lie the fatal battle-field of Stiklestad.'

AN UP-TO-DATE CITY

We land not far from the long Bratören pier, near which Knut (Canute) the Great was proclaimed King of Norway, and disperse in various directions to see the 'sights' of the city. A visit to the Cathedral is included in the programme of a special excursion arranged for us, so most of us devote our attention to the Stiftsgaard or King's Palace, which is probably the largest wooden building in Europe; the Art Industrial and the Fisheries Museums, the Picture Gallery, the Collections of the Society of Sciences, and the old Kong's Gaard, which was formerly the residence of the Archbishop. The ladies of our party soon become convinced that the larger shops chiefly in Olaf Tryggvessön's Gate, Nordre Gate, and Munkegaten — are far better than those of the average English town of the size of Trondhjem, and with some of our passengers a brisk trade is done in furs, silver ornaments, and small models of viking ships, reindeer sledges, and carrioles. The fashionable folk in the streets are pronounced to be quite up-to-date in their attire, the girls especially being 'only a day behind Paris.' The lightest of summer dresses are much in evidence, as might be expected in a city enjoying a summer climate similar to that of a holiday resort on the South Coast of England. The young men of our party quickly decide that Trondhjem possesses more than its share of pretty girls, and the bluejackets from two British cruisers lying at anchor in the fjord, make it plain by their not unwelcome attentions to the nursemaids in the park that they, too, are of much the same opinion.

THE FJELDSAETER

An excursion is planned to that well-known winter sports centre the Fjeldsaeter Tourist Hotel, which has entertained King Haakon and many of the crowned heads and royal princes and princesses of Europe.

The Fjeldsaeter is delightfully situated on the southern slope of Mount Graakall, about five miles from Trondhjem, and on our way to it we pass through the city, skirt the shore of the Nidelv river, and ascend a winding road through fragrant pine woods until, from the front of the hotel, we get a grand view of the city, the fjord, and, far away on the horizon, the mountains of Sweden. Lunch is provided for us at the hotel, and there is just time left in which to climb to the summit of the mountain, or visit the famous slope where the great Graakall Ski-ing Derby is held, before we return to the city. Around the hotel some reindeer are seen grazing. In winter they are used here for drawing Lapland pulks—a boat-like sledge in which visitors occasionally drive down to Trondhjem.

FJELDSAETER

TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL

In the afternoon a visit is paid to the Cathedral, the finest ecclesiastical building in Scandinavia, where a guide points out its most interesting features. It was founded by King Olaf Kyrre in the latter half of the eleventh century, 'to the glory of God and the memory of St. Olaf,' but only the foundations of the original building remain. Archbishop Öystein (1161-83) built the present transept and the chapter-house, his successor adding the choir, which terminates in an apse that covered the relics of St. Olaf. English influence is manifest in the construction of the Cathedral Archbishop Öystein was exiled to England for three years by King Sverre —and particularly in the nave, which was built during the thirteenth century. For many years the Cathedral has been undergoing restoration, and the work is gradually approaching completion. King Haakon and Queen Maud were crowned here in 1906.

After leaving the Cathedral and passing through the Market Place and along the wide busy streets of the city, we cannot help contrasting their appearance to-day with the aspect they wore little more than thirty years ago, when Paul du Chaillu wrote, 'The air of stillness about the place seemed to show that it had seen better days, and grass was growing in many of the streets.' He expressed a hope that railway communication with Kristiania and other towns would result in its recovering some of its lost grandeur and prosperity, and as we note everywhere manifest signs of enterprise and flourishing trade we need no convincing that his hope has been realized. The wide streets and spacious squares help to make the city attractive to visitors who are often repelled by the narrow, squalid by-ways of many ancient towns, and when one has grown accustomed to the bright hues in which the Norwegians choose to paint their wooden

town houses and suburban villas—doubtless to make them look cheerful during the long winter—the effect of the varied brightness of colour is usually accepted as pleasing.

TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL

THE LERFOSS, LADE and MUNKHOLMEN

It is usual for holiday cruising parties who spend a day in Trondhjem to devote the greater part of the evening to the entertainment given at the Tivoli, a popular place of amusement where the programme

concludes in good time to permit of a leisurely stroll back, in almost broad daylight, to the quay where the cruising yachts moor. Most of us are seen gathered around the little tables in the music hall or in the garden outside, from which we make our way back to our steamer while most of the inhabitants of Trondhjem seem still to be wide awake and enjoying the cool evening breeze. On boarding the yacht we find that various little excursions have been made by different passengers, each of which seems to have afforded much delight. Some have seen that grand waterfall, the Lerfoss, which has been described as ' one of the most beautiful falls in Norway ' ; others have visited Lade, on the bold headland where heathen rites were performed by war-worn Vikings in the days when Odin and Thor were Norway's gods ; and yet others have been ferried across a part of the fjord to the little island of Munkholmen, on which King Canute of Denmark and England founded a Benedictine cloister, and where, in earlier years, Olaf Tryggveson hung up the heads of Haakon the Earl and his follower Karker—an event referred to by Longfellow in his lines :—

> At Nidarholm the priests are singing,
> Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging,
> One is Jarl Haakon's and one is his thrall's.

Moorings are cast off at midnight, and it is with many a lingering look backward we bid farewell to beautiful Trondhjem—none the less beautiful now that the glowing hues of a Norwegian summer's night are reflected by the glassy surface of the Trondhjem Fjord.

SOUTHWARD BOUND

Friday.—Early on Friday morning, after passing the large island of Hitteren, famous for its wild red deer, we have another opportunity for appreciating

the picturesqueness of busy Kristiansund, which we previously saw in the twilight of a brief Northern night. We find that it is a favourite place with artists who paint marine pictures, but as it lies some distance from most of the tourist routes it is not so much visited by strangers as it deserves to be. It is one of the principal centres of the North Sea cod fishery, and exports large quantities of cod, in the dried form of 'klipfisk,' to Portugal and Spain; it also has a large fleet of trading steamers and sailing ships. The glimpses we get of its main streets impress us favourably owing to their well laid-out promenades, and we have no difficulty in believing that some most enjoyable rambles can be taken in and around the town. The four islands on which it is built are linked together by a regular service of steam launches.

From Kristiansund to Molde the scenery is not particularly striking owing to the remoteness of the shores and mountain ranges. The headland of Stemshest, rising to the height of 2,230 feet, stands out boldly away on our left, and at times we get good views of the snow-clad peaks of the Romsdal. An hour ashore is allowed us at Molde, where we called on our way up to Trondhjem, and some of us who, on our way north, neglected to make purchases in the tempting shops near the quay do so now.

AALESUND

During the afternoon we land at Aalesund. When we know that only ten years ago every building in the town except the hospital, and many ships lying in the harbour, were destroyed by fire, we are surprised to see no sign of the great disaster. With an enterprise and quickness usually supposed to be chiefly characteristic of the New World rather than the Old, the inhabitants of Aalesund—numbering about 13,000—have rebuilt the town in stone instead

MOLDE (FROM THE HILL)

of wood, and it is now the principal commercial centre of the Stor Fjord and the West Coast cod fishery. Naturally, everything about it wears an aspect of newness, but it has a history going back to the stirring times when Rollo—commonly known as Rolf the Ganger -exiled by Harald Haarfager (Fairhair) and driven to lead a Viking life, sailed to France and founded Normandy. Norman tradition makes Rollo out to have been the son of a great Danish noble, but the Norwegians are justified in placing more reliance on the account of Rollo's deeds found in the *Heimskringla*, although how he came to be the leader of the Danes in France remains an unsolved mystery. In recent years, too, opinion in France has veered round to the belief that the Norse tradition is the more credible, and we see evidence of this in a fine statue of Rollo presented by the town of Rouen, and erected in the Aalesund Park. While we are in Aalesund most of us are content to ramble about the streets and quays and note how little this thriving port, notwithstanding its recent destruction, resembles a mushroom town. Some of us, however, find time to climb the Axle Hill, from the cone of which there are fine views of the Landefjeld and the Hjörund Fjord.

The rugged peninsula of Stat, jutting eighteen miles into the sea, claims our attention as we steam seaward after leaving Aalesund, but the steep walls of its mountains are soon rounded, and we see, a long way off, the little island of Seljeö, concerning which a story is told which will bear repeating. On the island there are remains of a Benedictine convent founded in honour of St. Sunniva, who is said to have been an Irish princess. The story goes that during the raids made by the Northmen on the Irish coast, Sunniva was wedded by force to a Viking, from whom she escaped by taking flight in an open boat that drifted from the North of Ireland to Seljeö. Subsequently she was adopted as the patron saint of

AALESUND

Bergen, to which town her relics were removed in 1170. There are several similar stories of persons drifting in boats to or from Norway and the British Isles—notably that which relates the adventures of the celebrated Ragnar Lothbrog—and sailors familiar with the sea currents agree that it is quite possible that some of them are true.

MIGHTY HORNELEN

After passing through the Ulvesund, which separates the island of Vaagsö from the mainland, a call is made at Moldöen, and later in the evening the grandest and loftiest sea-cliff in Europe, the mighty Hornelen, comes in sight. Even Mr. Edmund Gosse, who was comparatively unmoved by much of the coast scenery of South and West Norway, had to except that of 'that terrible sound which runs between Bremanger-land and the main, under the awful cliffs of Hornelen.' Our yacht steams right under its steep walls, which give back a remarkable echo when the whistle is blown. Formerly it was usual for the steamers to fire a gun in order that the echo might be heard, but since an occasion when the shock of the discharge

brought down a huge mass of rock the practice has been abandoned. Hornelen rises to a height of over 3,000 feet, and was not climbed until 1897, when an ascent was made on its east side. Since then several mountaineers have climbed it. It is identified with the Smalsorhorn mentioned in one of the sagas, and is said to have been visited by the famous Olaf Tryggveson about the year 1000. From the side of another cliff-like mountain we pass under, a huge fragment has become detached and bears a striking resemblance to a woman with a child at her knee. Nothing can be much more beautiful than the exquisite hues of the rugged mountains and the clouds hanging low beneath their summits as the yacht threads her way through the narrow Ulvesund and the Fröi Fjord, the last-named channel lying between the mainland and the large island of Bremanger, of which Hornelen forms a part. Our last call before arriving at Bergen is at Florö, a thriving little town which is the chief trading centre of several neighbouring fjords, by one of which, the Eike Fjord, access is gained to the great glacier district of the Kjeipen. It was from the icy heights of the Kjeipen that there was a disastrous landslide in May, 1908, filling the bed of the Norddal valley with débris and boulders and, by damming up a river, converting it into a lake.

LAST DAY IN NORWAY

Saturday.- We are not sorry that, in accordance with the programme of our holiday cruise, our last hours ashore in Norway are spent in Bergen, for what we saw of the fine old Hanseatic town when we landed in it on arriving from England was enough to convince us that it would well repay further acquaintance. An early breakfast gives us the opportunity for spending several hours ashore before we say 'good-bye' to the beautiful land of the Vikings,

and as Saturday is market day in Bergen we see the town wearing what is normally its liveliest aspect, although, as we are informed, there are exceptional times when its inhabitants exhibit a remarkable social vivacity and gaiety. During our previous visit we could not see all its most noteworthy places and objects of interest, and to-day we do our utmost to make the best use of our time.

The Hanseatic associations of the town still interest us, and we are glad to see, in the Vestlandske Museum, which faces the Town Park, a model of the League's settlement in Bergen. It helps us to take away with us a clearer idea of the picturesqueness of the mediaeval town. The Museums are so rich in industrial, artistic, and antiquarian exhibits that justice can be done to them only during a long stay in the town, but the Picture Gallery at the Vestlandske must not be passed by any one who is interested in paintings by the modern Norwegian school. In the Park there is a noteworthy monument to Ole Bull, the famous violinist, whose pathetic lament, the 'Saeterjentens Söndag,' we have heard played in more than one village since we came to Norway. The statue is the work of Stephan Sinding, and on its rock-pedestal a northern fairy is represented playing on a harp over which water trickles—a poetic expression of the liquid melodies with which the great violinist enchanted his hearers. Bergen is justly proud of its long roll of illustrious sons, which includes Edvard Grieg, the exponent of the national music, who was born in the town on June 16, 1843.

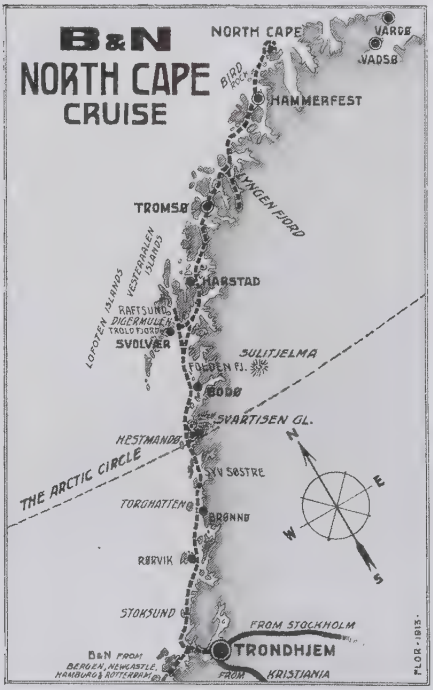
FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS AND FJORDS

On the hill to the west of the Bergenske Museum stands the Church of St. John, the interior of which is a fine example of that of a Lutheran church. It has a beautiful altar-piece by Markus Grönvold, the subject being 'Christ in the Wilderness.' The rival

attractions of the peninsula of Nordnaes, which projects far into the sea on the south-west side of the harbour, and of the famous climb up the winding road leading to the Flöien allure us different ways, but the chance of getting a view of the valley and lakes of Fjösanger, and of the mountainous islands stretching away to the mouth of the Hardanger Fjord proves impossible to resist, and most of us take our last climb up a Norwegian mountain road and a lingering farewell of the hills and fjords. Thankful we are that we can take away with us such a goodly store of delightful memories of the glorious scenes we have witnessed during our voyage.

Our sea passage back to Newcastle is devoid of unusual incident, but none the less pleasant, for we have so much to talk about and so many notes and impressions to compare. As the last shadowy outlines of the mountains fade away into the blue of the sky, most of us feel that we have formed ties that seas cannot sever and that must surely draw us back to 'Norroway over the faem.' We expected to see a beautiful country and have found it beautiful beyond compare. Its people, patriotic and proud of their land, yet always having a warm welcome for visitors who come to them from a country intimately linked with their own in history and by kindred deeds and aims, have easily won their way to our hearts. In the large towns, which are also sea ports, we have not been surprised to find a certain amount of congenial cosmopolitanism, but the country folk have charmed us by their simple sincerity, and that, as a recent writer has said, 'is why the visitor to Norway always returns there.' We are grateful to them for innumerable kindly thoughts and deeds, and equally to our good ship for having taken us, under ideal conditions, along the wave-worn shores and into the grandest mountain fastnesses of 'Nature's Wonderland.' When we have picked up the pilot off Tyne-

mouth, and, an hour before midnight on Sunday, we steam slowly up the river towards Newcastle, we are inclined to envy our genial captain and his crew because in a day or two they will be on their way back to what is undoubtedly the most delightful holiday-ground of Europe.



B. & N. CRUISE TO THE NORTH CAPE

No one who has read one of the stirring stories of early voyages made into the Arctic Ocean can look forward to a cruise to the North Cape without anticipating many interesting and wonderful experiences. True, the days have long gone by when such a voyage was considered a somewhat daring adventure, and in recent years thousands of tourists from all parts of the world have visited the Norwegian Nordland —the Land of the Midnight Sun. Still, the vast majority of holiday-makers look upon the Arctic Ocean and its shores as 'off the beaten track,' and every one who goes on board one of the fine steam yachts belonging to the famous Bergenske and Nordenfjeldske Line, and starts from Trondhjem for the North Cape, must feel that modern enterprise in the direction of holiday cruises has given him an opportunity for seeing under the most delightful conditions some of the most glorious scenery and most interesting shores and islands of the Northern Hemisphere. Probably, he has arrived at Trondhjem after enjoying an ever-memorable cruise to the magnificent fjords lying between Stavanger and the ancient Viking capital of Norway, and their loveliness and grandeur have given him some idea of what he may expect to see in Nordland and Finmarken and among the mountainous islands and rocky skerries of the wave-fretted Lofotens; yet there is a glamour about the wild lands lying within the Arctic Circle which is in itself alluring—a wonderful fascination people are powerless to resist when they have once come under its spell.

For centuries strange and mythical stories were told and widely credited concerning the lands and seas lying north of the point where that weird rock, the Horseman, keeps guard at the outer gate of the Polar regions, and although modern voyagers have no fear of the swirling Malström nor of the monstrous kraken that drew ships down into the depths of the sea, the real wonders of Nordland, Finmarken, the Lofotens, and the Arctic Ocean are far greater than the mythical ones. During the summer cruise of 1476 nautical

B. & N. STEAMER AT THE NORTH CAPE

miles we are about to take to and from the North Cape, some of the grandest and most beautiful Norwegian fjords and sounds will be visited; landings will be made at the northernmost town in Europe and to view some of the most remarkable natural features of Northern Norway; we shall meet and do our best to talk with Lapps who, in their villages, surrounded by herds of reindeer, have hardly advanced from the cultural stage arrived at by the prehistoric inhabitants of Europe; and every night, if the sky be clear, we shall see from one or another chosen vantage-point

NEAR NÆS (ROMSDAL DISTRICT)

that wonderful and impressive phenomenon of the Arctic regions—the Midnight Sun.

DEPARTURE FROM TRONDHJEM

Our stay in Trondhjem has in a measure prepared us for a week's cruise in continual daylight, for at midnight the streets of this bright and beautiful city are almost as thronged with people as at midday, and at nine o'clock of a Tuesday evening in June, when the steam yacht *Vega* casts off her moorings, the quay near which Knut (Canute) the Great was proclaimed King of Norway presents a scene of interesting animation. Friends from whom we are taking leave for a while wish us *bon voyage* and wave to us from the shore. The glorious radiance of the last sunset we shall see for a week is casting a rosy glow over the picturesque old city, and the fortified island of Munkholmen, which played a prominent part in the early history of Trondhjem, lifts itself above the smooth surface of the fjord like the sombre boss of a brazen shield. The mountains are clothed in royal purple, and until after midnight, during our passage between the islands and the mainland, we feast our eyes on the brilliant colours of cloudwrack, land and sea. Throughout the night, as we pass through the narrow Stoksund and the Frohavet, we are sheltered from the waves of the Atlantic Ocean by a long belt of islands and skerries, and those among us who, at one time or another, have had disagreeable experience of rough sea crossings congratulate ourselves on the fact that nearly the whole of our voyage will be made on water as smooth as a lake. At the outset of our cruise, even after midnight, some of us find it hard to retire to our comfortable cabins while there is so much to be seen from the lounge chairs on deck. Little lighthouses are numerous on the islands and beside the channels, some of them being quaintly picturesque. On several islets the presence of white rings painted

on the rocks by the waterside excites our curiosity until it is explained to us that they mark the position of iron stanchions for mooring ships.

THE BELT OF ISLANDS

First Day.—In the morning there are still many islands in sight, and we know that some of them are inhabited by fisher-folk because we can see their fish spread out on the rocks to dry in the wind and sun. The mouth of the Namsen Fjord is passed, so we do not see the little town of Namsos, nor the river which has the reputation of being the best salmon river in Europe; but the grand panorama of coast scenery unrolled to us as we pass through channels suggesting an endless chain of beautiful lakes more than compensates us for not closely following the route of the mail steamers. In a part of the Folden Fjord we are unprotected for a while by the island barrier, but find the sea quite calm. Already the mountain scenery is becoming strikingly impressive, and on the island of Lekömöen we see a rocky headland resembling a giantess. The mythical story in which this 'maid of Lekö' plays a prominent part will be told presently.

Picture post cards purchased in Trondhjem have prepared us to recognize the hat-shaped island of Torghatten, through the centre of which there is a wonderful natural tunnel we are to visit during our homeward voyage. After passing it we enter the narrow Brönnösund, where the rocks close in upon us until there is little more than room enough for the yacht to make way. A brief halt is made off the fishing village of Brönö, which presents a busy scene when the herring fleets are fishing in neighbouring waters. Here we send letters to friends in England and elsewhere by 'bottle post.' They are thrown overboard in a sealed bottle and picked up by boatmen from the village. After we leave the sound,

AMERICA
EAST CAPE
ASIA
THE
NORTH POLE
85°
80°
75°
70°
65°
60°
GREENLAND
FRANZ JOSEPHS LAND
NOVAJA SEMLJA Isl.
SPITZBERGEN
BEAR Isl.
NORTH CAPE
JAN MAYEN Isl.
THE ARCTIC CIRCLE 66½°
ICELAND
HAMMERFEST
TROMSÖ
RAFTSUND
SVOLVÆR
LYNGENFJORD
BODÖ
SVARTISEN GL.
VESTMANDØ
SYV SØSTRE
TORGHATTEN
STOKSUND
KR SUND
MOLDE
AALESUND
KRISTIANSUND
TRONDHJEM
BERGEN
KRISTIANIA
STOCKHOLM
ST. PETERSBURG
NEWCASTLE
STAVANGER
COPENHAGEN
LONDON
HAMBURG
ANTWERPEN
BERLIN
PARIS
FLOR. 1913

a fine view is presented to us by the Seven Sisters —seven grand peaks on the island of Alsten, the highest peak, the Stortind, rising to a height of about 3,500 feet. At the south end of the island is the village of Alstahaug, where Peder Dass, a Norwegian poet who wrote some verses that are still read and admired, was pastor from 1689 to 1708. In the

TORGHATTEN

afternoon the tower-like peaks of the island of Traenen are seen far out at sea, and we pass some of the 'ranenbaade,' the picturesque argosies of Nordland. They have high bows and sterns like Venetian gondolas, and are considered typical national craft undoubtedly retaining some of the characteristics of the old Viking ships.

THE NORDLAND BOATS

A famous Norwegian writer states that 'The Nordlander has the same, or even a greater pride in owning the fastest sailing-boat that the East countryman in many places has in having the fastest trotting horse. . . . The best boats in Nordland now come from Ranen, where boat-building has made great strides. To build a good boat with the correct water-

lines requires genius, and cannot be learned theoretically; for it is a matter of special skill on the part of the builder of each boat. . . . The Nordland boat-builders have long since discovered the high fore and aft, sharp-keeled boat to be the most practical, with one mast and a broad, prettily cut square sail admirably suited to what is most required, rapid sailing in fore and side winds, though less so for tacking. . . . What it has cost the Nordlanders to perfect the form that now enables them almost to fly before the wind, away from mighty curling billows which would bury the boat if they reached it; how many generations have suffered and toiled and thought over and corrected this shape under pain of death, so to speak, for every mistake made! In short, the history of the Nordland boat, from the days of men who first waged war with the ocean up there to this day, is a forgotten Nordland saga, full of the great achievements of the steadily toiling workman.'

Little flocks of diving birds and a few eider ducks are seen swimming and diving close to the sides of the yacht, but nothing like such numbers of them as frequent some of the off-lying islands, where rock birds' eggs are collected for food; also young birds, which are pickled. The eider ducks are strictly protected owing to the value of their soft light down, with which they line their nests and which is collected by the islanders. Many of the holms and islets are frequented by spotted seals, and occasionally bearded seals are seen on the outermost skerries.

THE HORSEMAN AND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Later in the afternoon the yacht slows down as we approach the Hestmand or Horseman, a rocky island resembling a horseman with his riding-cloak falling over the back of his horse. The Arctic Circle runs through this remarkable island, and our crossing of it is celebrated by the discharging of our four

cannon, fired by English, American, Dutch, and Roumanian ladies who are among the *Vega*'s passengers. Writing of the Horseman, Bayard Taylor asks in his 'Northern Travel': 'Was it not All-Father Odin, on his horse Sleipner, forsaking the new race which had ceased to worship him? The colossi of the Orient—Rameses and Brahma and Boodh, dwindle into insignificance before this sublime natural monument to the lost gods of the North.' As we glide by the colossal Horseman we feel that we have begun the most wonderful part of our cruise, for before us lie lands and seas upon which the sun never sets during several months of the year—the land that in summer knows no night.

The mythical history of the Horseman and the 'maid of Lekö' may be briefly condensed from the fuller story. A younger brother or a cousin of the Devil went, we are told, on a visit to his seven sisters,

HESTMANDÖ (THE HORSEMAN)

now represented by the grand mountain peaks on the island of Alsten. On his way he met the maiden of Lekö, with whom he fell in love, but who did not respond to his advances. Wild with rage, he—the Horseman—fitted an arrow to his bow to slay her; but at the moment when he discharged it a favoured lover, who arrived opportunely on the scene, threw his hat into the path of the arrow, which passed through it and buried itself in the ground. This happened, apparently, just before daybreak, for we are told that a moment later the sun rose and the whole company—Devil's son, sisters, maiden of Lekö, and favoured lover—were turned into stone. 'The petrified form of the maiden may be seen on her native island unto this day. The arrow stands on one of the islands passed by our steamer. Torg's hat (Torghatten), with the hole in it, is plainly in evidence, the Horseman is still mounted on his bony steed, and the seven sisters still stand as a memorial of the doleful tragedy.'

THE SVARTISEN GLACIER

We are enjoying the temperature of the Adriatic amid the snow of the Arctic, and wonderful it seems, on such a hot day, to spend the evening in visiting a glacier. Yet after dinner we enter a narrow fjord and land on a primitive little quay from which it is only about fifteen minutes' walk to the ice-foot of a glacier descending from the famous Svartisen, an enormous expanse of ice and snow covering a plateau nearly 4,000 feet above sea level. For hours its gleaming icefield has presented a magnificent spectacle to us, and now we get in touch with it after a rough walk along a rugged path beside a stream flowing from the foot of the ice. The sheer cliff-like front of the glacier is made beautiful by its clear blue surface and sea-green ice-caverns, some of which are accessible after we have climbed over the huge rounded

boulders of the terminal moraine. Beyond these caverns there are steps cut in the ice so that we can ascend and view on the one side the wide ice-field and on the other a picturesque fjord with wooded shores lighted by the golden rays of the evening sun. When we return to the quay we find a little group of demure peasant girls awaiting us with bunches of wild flowers gathered from the banks of the glacial stream. They do not ask us to buy them, but stand

LOFOTEN, RAFTSUND

in a row, silent, holding the flowers in their hands. Despite their lack of commercial enterprise, they soon dispose of them at the rate of ten or twenty-five öre a bunch, each little girl making a queer little curtsy when the coin is put in her hand.

After getting under weigh again our yacht steams down a charming picturesque fjord, and about half-past eleven in the evening arrives off the headland of Kunnen, a spur of the Svartisen plateau. From

TRONDHJEM (FROM FJELDSÆTER HOTEL)

here there is a 'sea-glimpse' through an opening in the belt of islands, and we get our first view of the midnight sun glowing between low-lying bars of crimson cloud.

THE VEST FJORD AND BEAUTIFUL NORDLAND

Second Day.—After passing the little town of Bodö, whose business largely consists of shipping ore brought down from the rich Sulitelma mines, we enter upon the great Vest Fjord lying between the Lofoten Islands and the mainland. We steam up this magnificent fjord from end to end, and in doing so enjoy some of the grandest coast and mountain scenery in Norway. Of the Lofotens we shall see a good deal on our way back to Trondhjem, so most of us rest content with confining our attention chiefly to the mainland, which hereabouts presents to us the rugged coast of Nordland. Du Chaillu remarks that the scenery of the Nordland shores is the wildest on the coast of Norway, and we see it at its wildest and grandest between Bodö and Tromsö. There are fine views of glaciers, also of snow-clad peaks and steep mountain sides from which avalanches descend, yet at the foot of these barren heights there are woods and pleasant pastures. Fishing is the chief occupation of the inhabitants and the farms are often owned by fishermen. Out in the wide waters of the fjord we see several whales blowing, and occasionally one of them heaves itself out of the sea, into which it falls again with a roaring splash. Until a few years ago whale fishing was carried on along the coast of Norway, but owing to the consequent serious decrease in the number of whales it has now been prohibited, and although the northern ports of Tromsö and Hammerfest continue to send out whaling ships, they are chiefly engaged in carrying on the fishery in connexion with stations at Spitzbergen.

AN IDYLLIC LAND

Undoubtedly the most graphic descriptions of Nordland and Nordland life are those of Jonas Lie, the famous Norwegian novelist, who spent the most impressionable years of his life in and around Tromsö, where his father held the post of Sheriff. 'If there is a home for a wonderfully beautiful idyll,' he writes, 'it must be in the fjord-villages of Nordland in the summer-time. It is as though the sun kisses Nature

LAPP ENCAMPMENT

all the more lovingly because he knows how short a time they have to be together, and as if they both, for a time, try to forget that they must part so soon. Then the hill grows green as if by a sudden miracle, and the bluebell, the dandelion, the buttercup, the dog-daisy, the wild rose, the raspberry, and the strawberry spring up in lavish abundance by every brook, on every hillock, on every mountain slope; then hundreds of insects hum in the grass as in a tropical land; then cows, horses, and sheep are driven up the hills

and the mountain-sides, while the Finn from the highlands comes down into the valley with his reindeer and waters them in the river; then the cloudberry moors lie reddening for many a mile inland; then there is quiet, sunny peace in every cottage, where the fisherman is now sitting at home with his family, putting his tackle in order for the winter fishing; for in Nordland the summer is more beautiful than in any other place, and there is an idyllic gladness and peace over Nature, which is to be found nowhere else.' Well might Fridtjof Nansen, when his good ship *Fram,* on her way to the Polar Seas, passed along the coast of Nordland, say that: 'It is unique—a fairy-land—a land of dreams. We felt afraid to go on too fast—for fear of missing something.'

NORWEGIANS AND FINNS

Of the Lapps of these northern regions we shall see something in a day or two when we visit one of their villages. The Finns, of whom there are about 22,000 in Norway and Sweden, are, like the Lapps, of the Mongolian type, but physically and mentally they are the superior race. The royal families of ancient Norway are said to have been of Finnish descent. Both Harald Haarfager and Erik Blodöxe married Finn maidens. The characteristics of the Finns are indicated by Lie, who compares 'the fair-haired, blue-eyed, larger-minded, and quieter Norwegian' with 'the dark, brown-eyed Finn, quick of thought, rich in fancy, filled with the mysticism of nature. . . . There is also . . . a great difference in our national character, which depends upon whether the crossing has taken place with the weak Laplander or with the well-grown, strong, bold Finn. It makes a difference in temperament, as great as between minor and major in the same piece of music. That touch of rich colour in our nation, of which the poet Wergeland's endless wealth of imagery and flight beyond logic are a repre-

sentation, is certainly Finnish—at any rate, there is very little of it in our old Sagas. And it can be understood from this, what grandeur of nature the Finn has added to the Norwegian character. The Finn admixture has been a great and essential factor in the composition of the mental qualities of our people at the present day.'

THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS

When we reach the upper waters of the Vest Fjord and pass through narrow sounds and channels we cannot altogether ignore the Lofotens, for some of their neat little fishing hamlets built on low points of the shores are plainly visible. We notice their brightly-painted houses, their picturesque boats, and here and there a little wooden church, while behind the hamlets there are verdant fells and cranberry moors, and behind these in turn high snow-fields and sharp mountain peaks. In every hamlet the telephone wires attract our attention, for almost everywhere in Norway, and even in the remote Lofotens, isolated villages and fishing stations are linked together and with the towns by the telephone, the introduction of which has done much to mitigate the loneliness of life in the country districts and on the islands.

Between the thriving town of Narvik, built on a mainland peninsula jutting out into the Ofoten Fjord, and the larger town of Tromsö, which we reach during the afternoon, there are some grand views of cloud-piercing mountain peaks. Of Narvik we find no mention in many books about Norway that are still by no means out of date, but this is not surprising, for Narvik is a new town that came into existence about 1902, when it was built in connexion with the Swedish iron mines and as a terminus of the Lapland Railway. The mines are at Kiruna in Sweden, from whence the ore is brought to Narvik to be shipped abroad.

TROMSÖ

After passing through the Tromsö Sound, we reach Tromsö, which is beautifully situated on a picturesque island of the same name. The town has a population of about 10,000, and is a far more prosperous and up-to-date place than one would expect to find so far north. There are several good public buildings, shops of all kinds, and pleasant suburban districts. It is the seat of an Amtmand or Governor; also of a Bishop; and it possesses a training college and good schools. As a port it is a very busy place, exporting large quantities of dried and smoked fish, train oil, furs, etc. It carries on a considerable trade with Russia, and owns many ships engaged in the capture of whales, seals, and walruses. Several Arctic expeditions have started from Tromsö, and in its Arctic Museum, on a hill outside the town, there are natural history and ethnological exhibits of great interest. Around the town the vegetation is surprisingly rich, and we learn that Tromsö is an important agricultural centre. Although its mines and fisheries are of great value, the chief industries of the district are the rearing of crops and cattle. In the streets and on the quays we meet some fine types of Northern seamen, and a welcome touch of bright colour is given to the scene by gaily-dressed Lapps from their camps in the Tromsdal, a mainland valley across the Sound. These Lapps are an affable little people, willing to part with —at a price almost every article of attire or adornment they may happen to be wearing, and we look forward to finding out more about them when we visit their encampment beside the Lyngen Fjord. The author of the 'Land of the Midnight Sun' describes Tromsö as 'one of Norway's charming little towns . . . there are some very pretty villas, and the situation of the place is beautiful; the smiling landscape is quite in contrast with the wild mountains.' We have grown accustomed to surprises since we left

TROMSÖ

Trondhjem, bound for what we firmly believed to be icy seas with bleak, inhospitable shores, so notwithstanding that Tromsö is situated at 69 degrees 38 seconds north latitude we accept with composure the wonderful fact that, in summer at least, it proves to be one of the brightest and pleasantest little towns we have seen in Norway.

THE LURE OF THE ARCTIC

We have to leave it sooner than we would choose because we have to reach the open sea at Lyngstuen, where we hope to see again the midnight sun. When islands surround us late in the evening, we cannot see the sun, but off the bold headland of Lyngstuen, which is the end of a magnificent range of snow and ice-clad mountains rising close to the sea and forming the Lyngen peninsula, we would have had a wonderful view of it if, after a warm day, a grey mist had not come down on land and sea, changing the shores into those of a weird, mysterious land of wan-white,

phantom peaks rising high above the clouds. As we linger on deck after midnight, and gaze upon this wonderful scene, we understand as never before how great is the lure of the Frozen North to explorers and navigators who have once ventured into the icy realms of the Arctic Ocean. Nothing could be more alluring, although phantasmal, than the apparently inaccessible peaks floating, as it were, high above the sea and mist, yet motionless against a sky bright with the glorious midnight light.

THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD

Third Day.—Next morning we are at Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, where the sun does not set from May 13th to July 29th, nor rise from November 20th to January 21st. It stands amid bare, rocky hills, and the country around it is barren;

HAMMERFEST

but for all that it is a busy place from which fishing fleets are sent to the Polar seas and where there are numerous boileries for the preparation of cod-liver oil. During the dark days the town is lighted by electricity, and it possesses an excellent telephone service. Ships of all nations frequent its harbour, but most of its maritime trade is with Russia. In 1890 it was destroyed by fire, but it has been rebuilt on a more spacious and improved plan. Along the quay near which the *Vega* moors there are large warehouses standing between the harbour and one of the principal streets known as the Grönnevold-Gate, and on landing we are only a few steps from the Roman Catholic Church. The Stor-Gate, however, is the main street. In or near it are the Protestant Church, the Town Hall, the Stift-Amtmand's house and some good schools. A granite column crowned with a bronze globe records the completion of the Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian survey or measurement of degrees made between 1816 and 1852. It stands on the end of a promontory called the Fuglnes, where Sir Edward Sabine made his famous experiments with the pendulum in 1823. There is a powerful wireless station here, erected by the Norwegian State for communication with the government station at Spitzbergen.

We spend the morning in rambling in and around Hammerfest, in making purchases of furs, Lapp curiosities, and peasants' needlework, and in climbing to the summit of the Sadlen, a hill which can be ascended in about a quarter of an hour and from which there is a good view of the town and harbour. The harbour, by the way, notwithstanding its situation so far north, is never closed by ice—a favourable state of things due to the influence of the Gulf Stream upon the coast. We discover that the town has a mixed population of Norwegians, Finns, Lapps, and Russians, and are duly impressed by the tameness of

the seagulls that line the roof-ridges of the old warehouses beside the harbour. Some of our party who explore the environs of the town find themselves in a small forest of birches which is generally described as being the most northerly park in the world. The fresh green of the whispering birch leaves is certainly a pleasant sound to hear amid the bleak and barren surroundings of this hyperborean town.

THE BIRD ROCK

We leave Hammerfest after lunch, and during the afternoon the yacht stops under the towering bird cliff of Hjelmsöstauren, the ledges of which are lined with hundreds of thousands of rock birds that nest there. Hjelmsöstauren is one of the most famous bird rocks in the world, and as we watch the flight and listen to the wild cries of its immense flocks of guillemots, puffins, and gulls we gain some idea of the wonderful and extraordinarily abundant bird life of the Arctic Ocean. The face of the rock is almost covered with them, the air is filled with them, and thousands are swimming around the yacht. When a gun is fired the sky is darkened by the clouds of birds that rise from the ledges, and yet there is no appreciable diminution of the numbers remaining apparently undisturbed on the rock. We are told that only the young birds are alarmed by the report of a gun. The old birds, having become accustomed to the sound—for every cruising yacht discharges a gun here in order that its passengers may see the birds take flight—usually remain on their nests.

AT THE NORTH CAPE

Having passed the Bird Rock, it is not long before the northernmost point of our cruise comes in sight. Before us looms that mighty headland, the North

NORTH CAPE

Cape. As we draw near it we try to imagine what must have been the feelings of Othere, the Norwegian navigator who sought refuge at the court of the English King Alfred, when, more than a thousand years ago, he sailed his ship up the coast of Norway in order to find out ' how far that land stretched north-

ward, and whether there were any habitations of men north beyond the desert ' where the Finns dwelt. We are not told from what port he sailed, but after six days' voyaging ' he perceived that the coast turned towards the east,' and after rounding the Cape he sailed eastward until he entered the White Sea. Not till long afterwards was it definitely known that he had rounded the northernmost point of Europe, but in the fifteenth century his voyage and discoveries were reckoned so important as to deserve a place in that famous prose epic Hakluyt's ' Voyages.' To-day we follow easily in the wake of the daring Norwegian navigator, and we know—what he may not have known—that the North Cape is not a part of the mainland, but is the precipitous northern headland of the sparsely inhabited island of Magerö—a bleak, monotonous, star-shaped plateau into which the sea penetrates from all sides by way of cavernous fjords. Anchors are dropped in Hornviken, a bay under the lee of the Cape, and while a few of our party remain on board to try their luck at fishing for torsk (codfish), most of us land in the boats that are quickly lowered and in a few minutes we have begun our climb up the steep winding path leading on to the headland plateau.

ON AN ARCTIC HEIGHT

Some of us find the climb a somewhat stiff one, and all of us are glad of the aid afforded by ropes secured to iron stanchions beside the path. When we reach the top we are on the edge of a bare and wind-swept table-land strewn with stones and boulders, and almost for the first time since we crossed the Polar Circle the keenness of the air reminds us that we are exposed to a wind blowing across the Arctic Ocean from the frozen wastes around the Pole. The effort of climbing, however, has warmed us, and following an almost imperceptible path marked by a guiding

wire we cross the plateau in about a quarter of an hour and arrive at the extremity of the Cape, there to find shelter in a wooden hut—usually dignified with the name of pavilion—near which, from a flagstaff, floats the Norwegian flag. Owing to difficulties of transport, the only liquid refreshments obtainable here are champagne and lemonade, but neither these, nor

MIDNIGHT SUN

the chocolate, souvenirs, cigars, cigarettes, and post cards offered for sale cost more than they would in Christiania or Trondhjem. For half an hour or more the little building is filled with members of our party anxious to dispatch post cards from the northernmost point of Europe, but as midnight draws near we all assemble on the edge of the steep and lofty cliff, and

from this fine vantage point, over a thousand feet above the sea, gaze across the Arctic Ocean at the midnight sun.

AT THE OLD WORLD'S END

Our outlook from the Old World's End is a wide one embracing the Nordkyn, the northernmost point of the mainland, the rugged island of Hjelmsö, and, further away, sea-fretted Rolfsö, while west, north, and east stretches the Polar Sea, northward reflecting the rosy flush on little wisps of drifting cloud like down from a flamingo's breast. Just above the horizon there are radiant bars of clear amber sky between dark streaks of cloud, and presently the edges of the clouds become smouldering embers of ruddy fire as the sinking sun shows itself between them and for a while seems to set the sea aflame. Most of us stand silent, for the scene from the desolate headland is weirdly impressive and suffused with a strange, mysterious light. Although a keen wind is blowing and makes some of us glad to crouch in the shelter of the little hut, the sea seems to be eerily still—very different from what it was on that night of July 16th when the *Fram,* northward bound, met with such rough weather here, and shipped so much water on deck, that she had to put into the neighbouring Kjollfjord for shelter and to shift her cargo. We are a curiously mixed party, representing something like a dozen nationalities, but under the magic spell of the Arctic the babel of different tongues ceases for a while, and the cry of a wind-blown gull that wheels above us and then swoops down below the edge of the headland sounds startlingly loud and clear. Suddenly a small bomb is exploded by an officer from the ship in a ravine near by. The midnight sun is at its lowest. From ' the threshold of a continent and on the edge of this immeasurable sea,' we see ' without one moment's interval of darkness, the Past transform

itself into the Present and Yesterday become To-day.' As we turn our faces from the ocean and slowly retrace our steps across the stone-strewn plateau we feel with Du Chaillu that wherever we may go we shall always be able to recall to mind 'those dark, rugged cliffs, that dreary, silent landscape' and hear 'the sad murmur of the waves beating upon the lonely North Cape.' There are places which no one who has once visited them can ever forget, and one of them is that grim barren headland at the Old World's End.

After an undignified scramble down the rough, slippery path leading down to Hornviken, we arrive on board the yacht again about one o'clock in the morning and are glad to find a substantial supper spread out in readiness for us on the promenade deck. By this time the unsetting sun has risen clear of the clouds again, and at two o'clock, when we start on our homeward voyage, the mountains and crags of the islands and mainland are bathed in its golden light.

THE LYNGEN FJORD

Fourth Day.—Who can describe the wondrous beauty of the glorious Lyngen Fjord in which we find ourselves next morning and which presents to us some of the most magnificent scenery in Northern

LYNGEN FJORD

Europe? Beside it the mountains rise to the height of 6,000 feet and great blue glaciers descend from them into the valleys and ravines. The rugged snow-capped peaks, the sheer cliffs and the superb colour of the sunlit slopes and purple-shadowed gorges are all mirrored in water smooth and clear as glass except

STRUPEN GLACIER

where diving birds are swimming or a shoal of herring syle turns the surface into molten silver. Almost everywhere the wild and grand scenery is Arctic, but just now, under the influence of the warm sunshine of the brief northern summer, innumerable waterfalls are dashing down the rugged walls of the rock-bound fjord. Even if Norway had nothing else in the way of natural scenery to attract strangers to its shores, it would be well worth while to make a far longer voyage than that from England in order to see the austere magnificence and marvellous colour of the

Lyngen Fjord. Our vessel steams slowly up it, and stops at the foot of one of the grandest glaciers in order that we may miss nothing of its entrancing loveliness and have every opportunity for laying-in a rich store of glorious memories to take away with us to far different lands and scenes.

BEAUTIFUL LYNGSEIDET

Even in Finmarken and Nordland, however, one quickly passes from Arctic to pleasant pastoral scenery, and when we anchor off Lyngseidet we find that charming little village nestling in a beautiful, sunny, and fertile valley contrasting strikingly with the awesome grandeur of the scenes we have just passed through. The hills are covered with forests of birches; mountain streams descend the hillsides, gurgling and swirling like the rain-swollen becks of the English Fell country; and the log huts and little brightly-painted wooden houses of the villagers are almost as picturesque as their surroundings. The meadows are bright with buttercups, and some of us, soon after we have landed, have gathered bunches of as dainty and beautiful wild flowers as could be found in English meadows and woods in summer. From the yacht we see fishermen spreading a net round a shoal of fish; other nets are drying in an open-sided building on the shore, where stock-fish are also hung up to dry in the wind and sun. Gulls are wheeling over the placid fjord and dipping down into it to catch the small fishes that streak its surface with gleams of silver; but often a gull has to give up its meal to a piratical skua which chases it until it drops its prey. When we know more of Lyngseidet and its delightful surroundings, we are not surprised to learn that it has been 'discovered' by a large number of holiday-makers, not a few of whom were climbers bent on ascending the Lyngen mountains and glaciers.

IN THE LAPP CAMP

We have been eager to land at Lyngseidet because we know that there is a considerable encampment of Lapps within about fifteen minutes' walk from the village, and it is not long before we have made the acquaintance of several of these interesting little people at their settlement in a lovely sheltered valley bordered by verdant mountain slopes, the lower parts

LAPP ENCAMPMENT

of which are almost hidden by woods and groves. These Lapps are probably direct descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Norway and Sweden—of a distinct Stone Age people who have left abundant relics of their early occupation of not only Lapland, Nordland, and Finmarken, but also of central and some parts of southern Scandinavia. Ethnologists describe them as being of the Ugrian race, and their features

are typically Mongolian. They have a yellowish complexion, high cheek bones, low foreheads, full lips, narrow eyes, and broad blunt noses. Occasionally one sees Lapps who are tall and handsome in accordance with ordinary European ideas—the result, no doubt, of intermarriage with Norwegians. They often live to a great age. In the Lyngseidet encampment there are ancient, wrinkled, pipe-smoking dames between ninety and 100 years old. Some of these ancient crones still have a reputation for skill in magic and witchcraft. Nearly a thousand years ago, when Erik Blodöxe, son of Harald Haarfager, visited Bjarmeland, he found Gunhild, daughter of Asur Tote, living among the Lapps, to whom she had been sent by her father to be trained in witchcraft; and credulous folk even now are inclined to credit the Lapps with uncanny powers.

LAPPS AND REINDEER

In winter the Lapps live in huts built of wood and sods of earth, and we find some such huts still occupied at Lyngseidet although the weather is warm in the valley and several families have removed into tents constructed of birch poles and coarse canvas, such as are conveyed from place to place by reindeer when the Lapps migrate in order that their herds may graze in fresh pastures. In one hut we see a central fireplace of slabs of rock, the smoke of the fire escaping through a hole in the roof. Around the fireplace the earthen floor is strewn with freshly-gathered birch twigs, spread thickly enough to serve as a couch or bed for a man who lies smoking his pipe, a woman nursing a baby, and some children who are scrambling and playing about the floor. A very young baby is generally kept laced up tightly in a curious wood-framed cradle covered with coarse cloth or sheepskin, and in this cradle the mother carries it slung by a band over her shoulder. The men and women are similarly

dressed, the summer dress consisting chiefly of a blouse of coarse woollen stuff, an undershirt of like material, leggings of reindeer leather bound round the ankles with strips of cloth, coloured caps which vary in shape, and reindeer leather shoes with turned-up, pointed toes. Knives with reindeer-horn sheaths, horn needle-cases, and tobacco pouches are worn attached to a broad belt round the waist, and the belt is usually adorned with metal disks. Occasionally a man's belt is ornamented with the teeth of a bear he has killed. Clothes are often brightly trimmed; often there are broad red and yellow bands around the end of the women's skirts, and the collars of the men's shirts are embroidered with coloured thread. An inveterate smoker frequently has a pointed bone pipe-cleaner tied to the collar of his blouse. The reindeer horn sheaths and needle-cases are generally ornamented with carvings, or rather scratchings, of considerable interest, but of varying merit. The reindeer alone or drawing a Laplander in a 'pulk' or sled is a favourite design of ornamentation, but geometrical patterns are also seen. The Lapps at Lyngseidet offer for sale sheath knives, paper knives, needle-cases, spoons, and other articles of their own making; also reindeer antlers and furs of bears, wolves, lynxes, and other animals. In and around the camp several wolfish-looking but friendly dogs are prowling, but more interest attaches to the herds of thousands of reindeer grazing on the hillsides above the camp. The reindeer is almost the sole support of the nomadic Lapps, whose herds are in a semi-domesticated state and must not be confused with the wild reindeer found chiefly in the high fjelds running southward from the Dovre Fjeld and which provide good stalking for sportsmen. In a kind of corral near the camp a small number of reindeer are temporarily confined, and here an active young Lapp displays his skill at lassoing them round the antlers and legs, the calves so caught

being marked by cutting or branding their ears. The Lapps inhabiting Norway, Sweden, and Russia are said to own between 350,000 and 400,000 reindeer.

AT LYNGSTUEN

We are loth to leave this little Arctic settlement of people belonging to one of the most primitive races of the Old World, but the steamer is waiting to return down the wonderful Lyngen Fjord so that at Lyngstuen, at the mouth of the fjord, we may see again the midnight sun. It is an evening of glorious colour in sea, sky, and snow-capped mountain, and the view we get of the ruddy sun sinking and rising again beside the rocky island of Fuglö is unforgettable. While our vessel, the *Vega,* is lying at the mouth of the fjord she is joined by the fine steam yacht *Kong Harald,* belonging to the Norden-fjeldske Steamship Company (B. & N. Line), and now on her way to the North Cape. We salute each other with four guns, and as we part cheers are given and handkerchiefs waved. At midnight supper is again served on deck, and in the early hours of the morning deck chairs are still occupied by several members of our party who cannot make up their minds to go below and close their eyes to the magic splendour of the enchanting North. A few hours later we call at Tromsö for letters, and then our course is through a chain a beautiful channels to Lödingen, a village picturesquely situated on a peninsula of the island of Hindö, where mails are again taken on board.

THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS AND THEIR FISHERY

Fifth Day.—The Lofoten Islands, which we have now approached again, have been aptly described as a chain of mountains cleft by countless creeks and straits. They lie within the Arctic Circle, and are separated from the mainland of Norway by the great Vest Fjord and some narrow channels. There are

four large islands and a number of smaller ones flanked by thousands of rocky islets. Although lying within the same lines of latitude as Greenland and Siberia, they enjoy a comparatively mild climate, and their harbours are not frozen even during the severest winters. All the islands are mountainous, with crater-like granite peaks or Alpine summits, and much of their scenery is grand. Most of the larger islands are inhabited by fishermen, who from January to April carry on, in the Vest Fjord, the famous Lofoten fishery, the waters of the fjord being then perceptibly darkened by the presence of immense shoals of cod, which come in from the depths of the Atlantic to spawn on banks near the Nordland coast. Several thousand boats are engaged in this great fishery. When the fish are brought ashore they are opened and cleaned, men, women, and children taking part in the work. They are then known as 'klipfisk' (split fish), and are spread on the rocks to dry, afterwards being piled in stacks along the shore under wooden covers known as 'hats.' Some are fastened by pegs to long rods and allowed to dry in the wind until they have the consistency of leather. These are called stock-fish. Shortly before summer most of the season's catch is taken to Bergen, and from thence exported to Spain, Italy, and other countries. Most of the cods' heads are dried by fire and made into fish guano, but on some of the outlying islands they are boiled with sea-weed and used to feed cattle. From the livers cod-liver oil is made. Along the low rocks of the Lofotens and of the Nordland and Finmarken coasts the great cauldrons in which the livers are slowly stewed can easily be seen.

THE RAFTSUND

Soon after lunch we enter the magnificent Raftsund, a narrow channel fifteen miles long running north-eastward between the islands of Vaagö and Hindö.

TROLD FJORD, LOFOTEN ISLES

On each side of us precipitous mountains rise until their sharp summits and lofty peaks appear above the clouds, but the loftiest are on the Vaagö side. Everywhere they are furrowed with cavernous ravines. Mr. Edmund Gosse writes of the Raftsund : ' Perhaps, the strangest (mountain) is Listind, a gigantic mass with a tower-like cairn on the summit ; Mahomet's Tomb we nicknamed it, till a native obligingly gave its true title. This is in the middle of the Sound, where an island breaks the current, and several small fjords push into the land. Another very noble cluster of aiguilles is Ruttind, on Vaagö, but much to the south of Listind. These peaks are mostly wreathed with foamy cloud, that on a fine day daintily rises and lays bare their dark beauty, and as airily closes round them again. About the summits the rifts and joints are full of snow all the summer, and from every bed, leaping over rocks and sliding down the smooth slabs of granite, a narrow line of water, white as the parent snow, falls in a long cataract to the sea. On the Hindö side, Kongstind, which lies north of Listind,

is the most striking mass. On both sides near the water the ground is covered with deep grass, of a bright green colour, and flowers bloom in beautiful abundance. In one place the harebells were so thick on the hillside that they gleamed, an azure patch, half a mile away.' Mr. Gosse's names for the mountains differ from those given by Baedeker, who states that the most noteworthy heights of the Raftsund are the Kornaestind, the Rorhoptind (3,088 feet), the Higravstinder (3,810 feet) and the Troldtinder (3,248 feet).

THE WEIRD TROLD FJORD

From the Raftsund we pass into the wonderful and weird Trold Fjord, which presents, perhaps, the grandest view of lofty, rugged, snow-wreathed crags and peaks we see during our cruise. The fjord is a branch of the Raftsund, and as our boat approaches its entrance she seems to be heading for a solid wall of rock. Suddenly a slight opening appears, and the yacht swings slowly through a narrow channel on the right of which a smooth, sheer cliff rises to a great height. We have entered a mountain fastness, indeed, and the scene is so impressive that we stand silent and almost breathless. Around us are reared the grandest peaks and weirdest rock pinnacles of the Lofotens, and between them there are snow-filled gorges through which wisps of cloud drift like smoke from the crater of a volcano. The sheer cliffs give back a wonderful reverberating echo as if the trolds from whom the little fjord takes its name were mocking us. At the end of the fjord, which is soon reached, there is only just room for the yacht to turn round. We seem to be imprisoned within the walls of a mighty mountain stronghold, and almost wonder whether there is any escape from it. So long as we live we shall never forget the eerie grandeur of this gloomy cavernous fjord from which we return, almost with sighs of relief, to the wider waters of the Raftsund. Upon the

wonders and glories of the Raftsund we still feast our eyes, and some of us turn again to Mr. Gosse's description of its evening aspect: 'As we glided up the Raftsund itself, enclosed by the vast slopes of Hindö and the keen aiguilles of Vaagö, the glory and beauty of the scene rose to a pitch so high that the spirit was oppressed and overawed by it. . . . Ahead of the vessel the narrow vista of glassy water was a blaze of purple and golden colour arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music or lyrical verse in its direct appeal to the emotions. At each side the fjord reflected each elbow, each edge, each cataract, and even the flowers and herbs of the base, with a precision so absolute that it was hard to tell where mountain ended and sea began. The centre of the sound, where it spreads in several small arms, was the climax of loveliness, for here the harmonious vista was broadened and deepened, and here rose Listind towering into the unclouded heavens, and showing by the rays of golden splendour that lit up its topmost snows, that it could see the sun, whose magical fingers, working unseen of us, had woven for the world this tissue of variegated beauty.'

SVOLVAER, THE 'CAPITAL' OF THE LOFOTENS

In the evening we land at Svolvaer on the island of Öst Vaagö, the 'capital' of the Lofotens, an important centre of North Norway sea traffic, and a busy fishing port and trading centre. The village is built on innumerable rocks and some houses are isolated on huge boulders. It has been likened to a lacustrine town on piles. Above the water it is 'thrown about on a heap of islets and promontories, here a house and there a house.' For a village to have developed into a thriving port under such conditions seems almost impossible, yet we find Svolvaer moving with the times. In its streets there are several cafés, chiefly intended

to meet the needs of the thousands of fishermen who come here. There are also good shops and hotels. At one end of a street service is going on in a church —it is Sunday evening—while at the other end an entertainment is being given in a cinematograph hall. Many of the girls we meet wear hobble skirts that might have been made in London or Paris, and the windows of a bookseller's shop clearly prove that even on the remote Lofotens there is some demand for the best literature as well as for cheap editions, not only in Norwegian, but also in English and French, of popular English and French novels. Telephone wires are everywhere in evidence. An art gallery is wanting, but on the islet of Svinö, opposite the pier, there is the studio of the artist Gunnar Berg, who died in 1894, and it contains some of his pictures. He is buried on an islet now named Gunnarholm, which is connected by a bridge with Svinö.

THE MONSTROUS KRAKEN

'Leaving Svolvaer,' writes Mr. Gosse, 'the Östnaes Fjord, gloomy, narrow, and terrible as that gate Dante saw in Hell, looms on our left; enormous mountains hem it in. On the east side, eminent above the rest, is a peak called, I believe, the Jomfrutind; it would be a dismal thing to have to live on the shores of this sombre and sinister water-glen.' Du Chaillu refers to the two pinnacles on the rock overhanging Svolvaer, one being likened to a man and the other to a woman. They lean towards each other—to kiss, the fishermen say. As we pass through the narrow rock-bound sounds and among the surf-whitened skerries of the Lofotens we can easily understand how it came about that not so very long ago the inhabitants of these islands, and the seamen who visited them, firmly believed in the existence in these waters of such monsters as that 'sea-beast leviathan,' the kraken, of

which Bishop Pontoppidan, who published a 'Natural History of Norway' in 1751, described as being the largest creature in the world. The kraken, according to the bishop, had a back that, when it rose from the depths of the sea, formed an island about a mile and a half in circumference, and for an island it was often mistaken by inexperienced mariners, who landed on it without realizing their danger. So long as they were content with walking on it, the kraken seems to have let them do so in safety; but if they subjected it to any such indignity as lighting a fire on it or digging a hole in it, they either found themselves struggling in the sea or seized by long tree-like tentacles, strong enough to drag a ship down into the depths of the ocean, the waves meanwhile being stained with a dark fluid ejected by the monster in its rage. If it were possible to ascertain the origin of these stories, it would undoubtedly be found in some encounter with a huge cuttle-fish. The largest cuttle-fish, which frequently attack the cachalot whale, are believed to have arms or tentacles at least thirty feet long. We see no such monster in the Lofoten straits or seas, but now and again we sight a fin-back or blue whale.

Our course is now southward over the broad Vest Fjord which separates the Lofotens from the mainland. We have magnificent views of the islands lying northward and westward, stretching far out towards the open sea. As midnight approaches the blue of the sky changes to amber and gold behind the lofty peaks, and as the channels between the islands are narrow we can recognize how appropriate is the comparison of the south range of the Lofotens with a vast reptilian skeleton tapering off to a pointed tail. The sea reflects the lovely lustre of the evening sky, and even those of our party who have been waltzing on deck to the strains of the orchestra turn to the yacht's side so that they may not miss a single colour-change or detail of the glorious scene.

THE MYTHICAL MALSTRÖM

Some of us remember that near one of the islands, Moskenes, lying south of Vest Vaagö, was the reputed site of the once-dreaded Malström, the terrible whirlpool that 'whirled to death the roaring whale,' sucked big ships into its vortex, and, according to Purchas in his 'Pilgrimage,' thundered so loudly that the rings on the doors of houses ten miles away shook at the sound of it. There is not, and never was, any such whirlpool as the Malström, but early writers on the Lofotens have much to say about it. Anders Arrebo, who has been called 'the father of modern Scandinavian poetry,' and who for a time (1618 to 1622) was Bishop of Trondhjem, wrote :—

In Loufod far to north on Norway's distant shore,
A flood is found that hath no like the wide world o'er,
Entitled Moske-flood, from that high Mosker rock
Round which in seemly rings the obsequious waters flock;
When this with hasty zeal performs the moon's designs,
If any man comes near, the world he straight resigns;
In spring its billows rear like other mountains high,
But through their sides we see the sun, the earth's bright eye;
Then, if the wind should rise against the flood's wild way,
Two heroes rush and meet in crash of war's array;
Then tremble land and house, then doors and windows rattle,
The earth is fain to cleave before that monstrous battle;
The vast and magic whale dares not its breach essay,
But turns in fear to flight, and roaring speeds away.

And the worthy bishop goes on to explain this marvellous phenomenon :—

Now my belief is this: that underneath the sea
A belt of lofty rocks is forged immutably,
Which hath an entrance, but is solid stone elsewhere,
And in the centre sends a peak high up to air.

When now the flood is come, with angry voice it calls,
And rushes inward like a thousand waterfalls,
And can no exit find to rule its rugged shock,
So madly whirls around the lofty central rock,
And rumbles like a quern when man doth grind therein.

The fact upon which this and other mythical stories of the Malström seems to be based is a simple one. Owing to the masses of water forced by the tides through the narrow sounds between the Lofoten Islands, the current sometimes becomes very strong, and is at its strongest off the island of Moskenes, where, according to Du Chaillu, it runs in winter 'in strong whirls, and with the speed of twenty-six miles an hour.' A like phenomenon may also be witnessed at the entrance of the Salten Fjord, on the east side of the Vest Fjord.

Our last view of the midnight sun is through a cleft in the great Lofotvaeggen, the 'wall of the Lofoten,' which stretches away for miles, topped with turrets and pinnacles of rock.

GOOD-BYE TO THE ARCTIC

Sixth Day.—Early this morning the gigantic Horseman rock again comes in sight, and we recross the Arctic Circle. We are drawing near the end of our wonderful voyage, and approaching that part of the coast of Norway of which Nansen, when taking leave of it before he sailed into the Arctic, wrote: 'A glorious land—I wonder if another fairway like this is to be found the whole world over. Those never-to-be-forgotten mornings, when nature wakens to life, wreaths of mist glittering like silver over the mountains, their tops soaring over the mist like islands out of the sea! Then the day gleaming over the dazzling white snow-peaks! And the evenings, and the sunsets with the pale moon overhead, the white mountains and islands lay hushed and dream-like as a youthful longing! Here and there

past homely little havens with houses around them set in smiling green trees. Ah! those snug homes in the lee of the skerries awake a longing for life and warmth in the breast. You may shrug your shoulders as much as you like at the beauties of nature, but it is a fine thing for a people to have a fair land, be it never so poor.' Yes, we have said good-bye to the wildly-beautiful lands and seas of the far North, but we are bringing away with us a store of enchanting memories. Some of us, at least, so long as life lasts, will never forget our wonderful experiences in Nordland, Finmarken, the Lofotens, and at the Old World's End. And each of us, thanks to the Bergenske and Nordenfjeldske Steamship Companies, is in possession of an interesting souvenir of our voyage in the form of an artistically-designed and illuminated certificate, signed by the captain of the yacht, declaring that the person whose name is inscribed on it has crossed the Arctic Circle. Most of us are puzzled when we try to translate the Norwegian and Runic words in which our exploit is set forth; but in the pictures of the lovely Raftsund, the grim Horseman, and the North Cape reddened by the lurid light of the midnight sun we recognize scenes that will always be associated with our recollections of this glorious holiday cruise.

TORGHATTEN

The Horseman sinks out of sight, and those stern, cold Northern maidens, the Seven Sisters, are left behind us to keep their eternal vigil off the Helgeland coast. After lunch we stop off the island of Torghatten, and in a few minutes we are all in the boats and launches and on our way to the shore. We disembark on a primitive landing-stage, and as we set out to follow the rough footpath leading up to the remarkable tunnel through the island we are stolidly regarded by a few islanders who, whatever they may think of a party assembled almost from the uttermost

parts of the earth, do not allow their faces to betray their thoughts. Some little island girls, mute as clams, offer bunches of wild flowers for sale—wherever we go in Nordland we are credited with a passion to possess wild flowers—and we select some bunches of a dainty little green-flowered orchid that grows abundantly on the island. The climb up the side of the Torghatten is a somewhat toilsome one, for the footpath is strewn with boulders forming rough steps for the ascent; but the tunnel and the fine view through it are well worth the climb. The tunnel, which is 407 feet above the sea, is as wide as, and much higher than, the nave of a large cathedral and through it, as through a vast telescope, there is a grand view of the sea and its countless islets and rocks. It seems almost impossible to believe that the cavernous hole is entirely natural, so flat and nearly perpendicular are its sides; but the generally accepted explanation of its origin is that it was formed when the island was submerged and the more friable rock was disintegrated by the action of the waves. From the sea the tunnel looks no bigger than a hole a cannon-ball might have made in the crown of the huge 'hat.' Actually it varies in height from 60 to 250 feet and in width from 36 to 88 feet.

LAST NIGHT ON BOARD

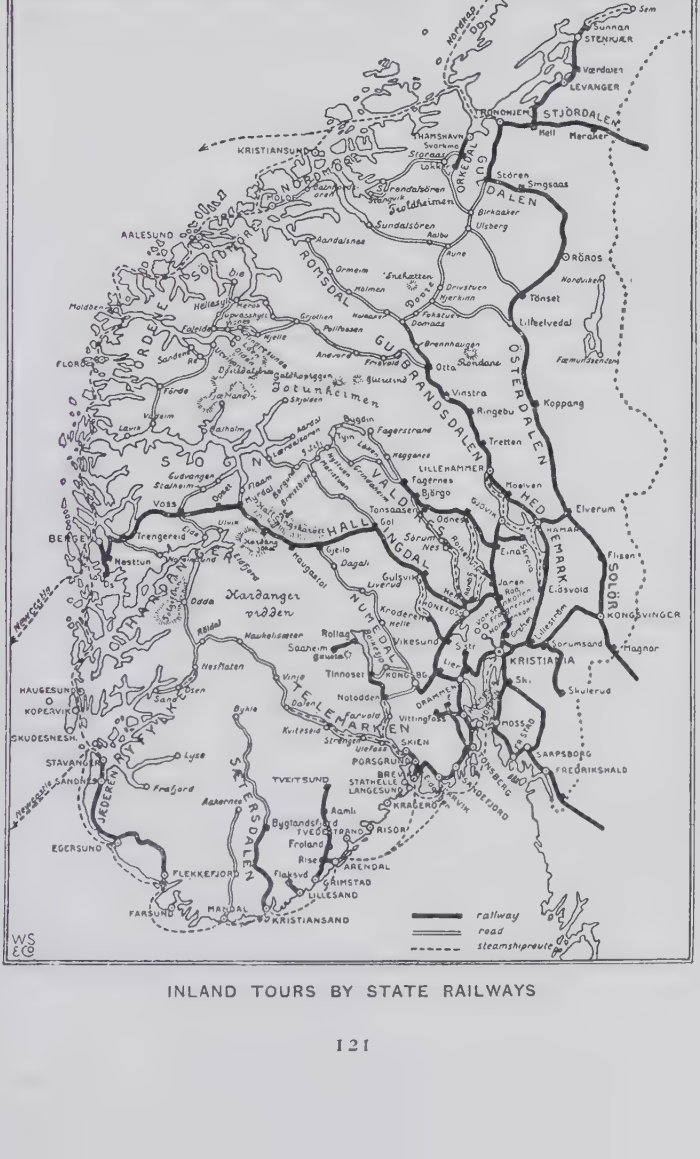
Our last evening at sea before landing at Trondhjem is especially enjoyable, not because we are glad to see the sun set again, but because the 'captain's dinner'—as it is called in consequence of everyone's drinking the captain's health—is followed by a merry dance on deck. Although we have left the grey-blue waters of the Arctic Ocean far behind us, whales are now and again seen in the wider channels between the islands and the mainland, and occasionally we get glimpses of narwhals, porpoises, and dolphins.

Towards midnight some of us feel drowsy for lack of sleep, and this is not surprising, seeing that we have made our six days' voyage in continual daylight, and all the time the outlook from the deck of the vessel has been so grand and interesting that we have

INTERIOR OF TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL

almost grudged the few hours we have spent below. Near the mouth of the Folden Fjord, where there is a break in the island belt, we have an hour or two's experience of a slightly rough sea, but although the

pianist who succeeds the orchestra in providing us with dance music sometimes has to clutch the piano to save himself from an upset, the dancing goes merrily on. When we have seen the sun sink into the sea, however, all of us—save a few regular frequenters of the smoke-room—seek our cabins and a good night's rest—to awake and find ourselves moored again beside the Trondhjem Quay, our steamer lying side by side with the cruising yacht in which most of us—after a long day spent in the beautiful old Viking Capital of Norway—will start on our return voyage to England.



INLAND TOURS BY STATE RAILWAYS

THE NORWEGIAN STATE RAILWAYS

BY RAIL FROM BERGEN TO KRISTIANIA

The Bergen-Kristiania Mountain Railway is not only one of the engineering marvels of Europe, it is also one of the grandest scenic railways in the world. Ordinarily, a traveller hardly looks forward to a railway journey of 306 miles with pleasurable anticipation, and congratulates himself if he is able to sleep during the greater part of the journey or become so absorbed in an interesting book that the time seems to pass quickly; but every one who knows Norway, or who has had any experience of mountain railways, realizes that the journey from Bergen to Kristiania must be one of the most delightful experiences of holiday travel. Comparisons have been made between this wonderful line and the Riviera Railway and some of the mountain railways of Switzerland, but while its scenery is as beautiful as any in the South of France and as grand as any in the Alps, its beauty and grandeur are enhanced by the varied loveliness and charm of lake and mountain stream, fjeld and fjord. All the glorious and magnificent features which combine to make the scenery of Norway so alluring to visitors from all parts of the world are unfolded in panoramic succession, making the journey between the two largest towns in Norway one of the most delightful imaginable.

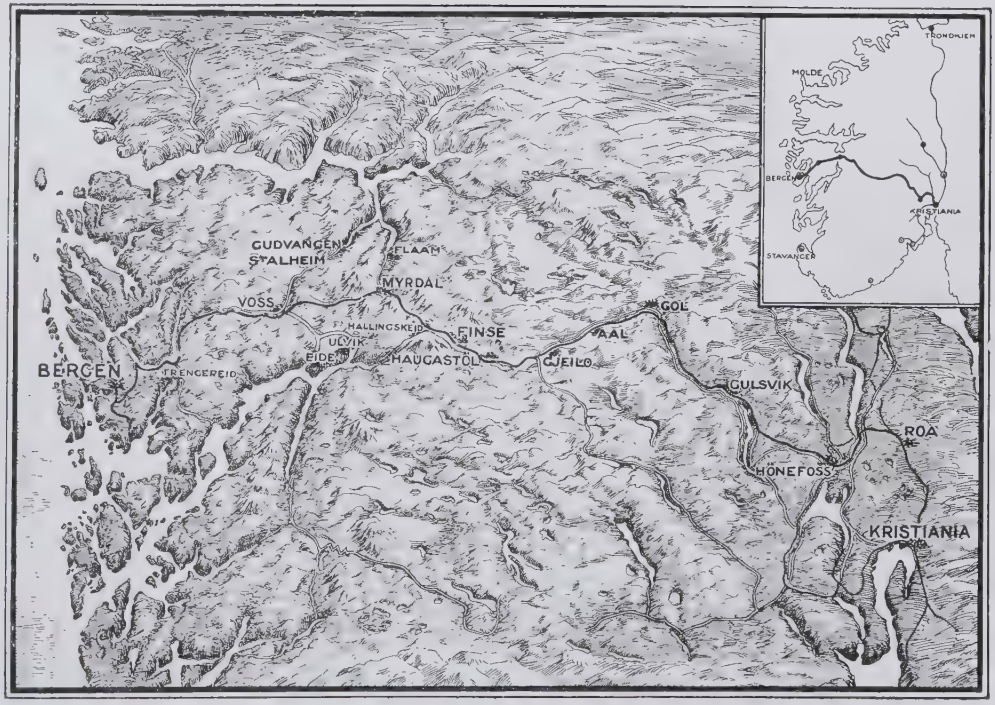
BERGEN TO VOSS

The first and oldest section of the line is from Bergen to Voss, and for about five miles it runs through a

charming district of lakes, wooded hills, and the scattered pretty villas of Bergen citizens. At Fjösanger, to which most visitors to Bergen drive in order to see the Fantoft *stav-kirke,* the home of the late prime minister, Christian Michelsen, stands on the right of the railway, and near by, at Hop, lived Edvard Grieg, the famous composer, whose ashes

BERGEN

rest in a tomb here, hewn in the rocky cliff. Beyond Nesttun come treeless hills of rock and heather, and at Arne the line reaches the shore of the Sör Fjord, of which many charming views are enjoyed, the track keeping to the side of the cliff which rises like a sheer wall from the water's edge. Already the traveller begins to appreciate the extraordinary difficulties which had to be overcome by the engineers of the



THE BERGEN-KRISTIANIA RAILWAY

VOSS (VOSSEVANGEN)

line, and of which a clearer idea is obtained as the train enters the chasms and ravines of the mountain section. For thirty-five miles tunnel succeeds tunnel, all cut through the solid rock. At almost every bend of the line the scene changes. Bold headlands run out into the fjord, which is dotted with rocky islets, and into which roaring rivers and silvery waterfalls descend. High up the hillsides are the little farms where the peasants cultivate a few patches of arable land; between the tunnels beyond Dale there are charming views of the Bolstad Fjord; and when hill-girt Bolstad is passed the journey is continued to Evanger through a beautiful country of wooded hills. Here the track lies close beside a river to Evanger, where there is a fine view of Mykletveitvete, towering to the height of 3,740 ft.

A few miles further Voss is reached—a village delightfully situated on the shore of the Vang Lake, and which, in recent years, has become one of the most popular tourist resorts in South Norway. The country around it is fertile, and the village itself was

important long before the advent of the tourist, for it is the chief centre of traffic between the Hardanger and Sogne Fjords. It has a stone church dating from the thirteenth century; also a small museum contained in the Finneloft, a quaint old timber house. Charming walks through the pine woods and beside the lakes and streams tempt many people to stay in Voss, and mountains rising to heights between 4,000 and 5,000 ft. attract a considerable number of mountaineers.

UP TO THE MOUNTAIN TABLELAND

At Voss the line begins to ascend and enters the Raundal Valley, where it is enclosed by dense forests and high fjelds and keeps company with the Raundal river to the foot of the lofty Hondalsnut. By the time that Opset is reached the train has climbed above

ON THE KRISTIANIA-BERGEN RAILWAY

ON THE KRISTIANIA-BERGEN RAILWAY

the tree-line. Sverre's Path, an ancient, precipitous road in Raundal, is traditionally connected with King Sverre's romantic and perilous autumn expedition across the mountains from Voss to Sogn in 1177. There are many tunnels between Voss and Myrdal.

FLAAM VALLEY—BERGEN RAILWAY

One of them—that of Gravehalsen—is over three miles in length and took twelve years to bore. About seven minutes is spent in it. Just after the train leaves Myrdal, between two tunnels, is the grandest view on the line—that of the wonderful Flaam Valley, into

FLAAM VALLEY

which we look down a sheer precipice of 2,000 ft. and trace a zigzag road of seventeen curves leading down from Myrdal to the bottom of the valley and further

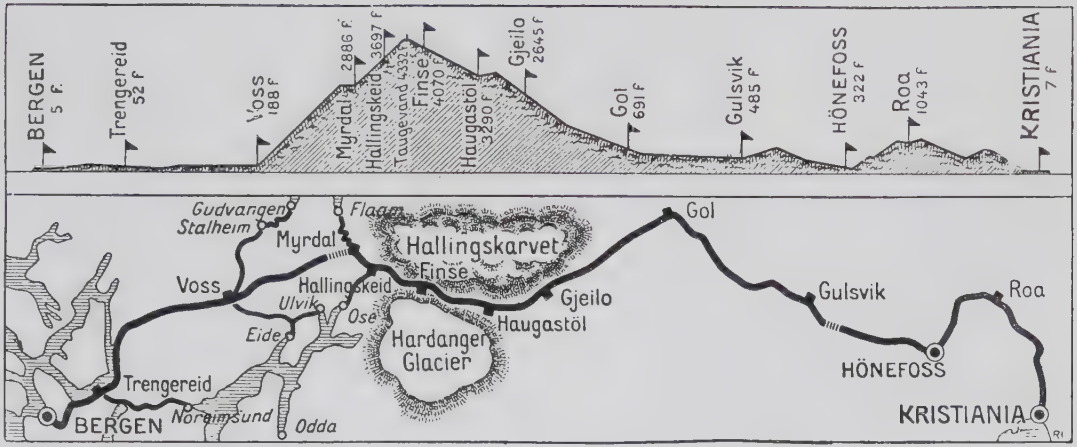
FLAAM VALLEY

to the Sogne Fjord. This wild ravine is one of the most magnificent and awe-inspiring in Norway. On both sides rise precipitous mountains, while the river foams down a gorge, and gleaming cascades pour over the ledges of the rocky cliffs. (One of the most popular shore excursions made by passengers on the cruising yachts is from Bergen to Myrdal by rail in the morning, the afternoon being devoted to an unforgettable drive down the Flaam Valley to Flaam, where passengers re-join the yacht.) This glorious view is almost immediately succeeded by another. The train enters a tunnel, and directly it emerges into daylight again we see far below us, yet high above the valley, the hotel at Vatnahalsen, occupying a situation which must surely be unique, and we also get a glimpse of the distant mountains beside the Aurlands Fjord.

We are now nearing the top of the tableland of the great mountain range dividing Eastern and Western Norway. The train winds along precipitous ledges from one high-lying valley to another, and we have views of rocky gorges down which rivers, fed by snow-fields and glaciers, rush in wild turbulence towards the lakes and fjords. Amid these high fjelds the line runs beside a chain of lonesome mountain tarns to the isolated station at Hallingskeid, which is dominated by the mighty snow-clad Vosseskavl (6,738 ft.). Soon we catch a first glimpse of the jagged peaks of the great glacier, Hardanger Jökul, and then pass through numerous wooden tunnels built to keep the line clear of snow. In one of these tunnels the highest point of the line's mountain climb is reached, at an altitude of 4,268 ft., and after a brief glimpse of the Tauge lake we soon arrive at Finse, the highest station on the line.

FINSE AND THE HALLINGDAL

At Finse, situated beside a lake opposite the great snow-fields of the Hardanger Jökul, a comfortable



PROFILE MAP, BERGEN-KRISTIANIA HIGHLAND RAILWAY

hotel has been erected by the State, for the treeless mountain waste, surrounded by glaciers and covered with snow ten months of the year, is an ideal ski-ing ground even far into the summer. It is described more particularly in the article on Winter Sport. From the station the line descends, having on one side a long mountain wall and on the other the Hardanger Jökul, to Haugastöl, where there is another State hotel for the convenience of tourists and ski-runners. All the rivers now seen flow towards the Kristiania Fjord, and at Gjeilo farms and trees are seen again. Birch and pine woods soon cover the hills on either side as descent is made into the picturesque East Country valley of Hallingdal, where, high up the mountain sides, the little farmsteads remind one of Mark Twain's story of the peasant who 'fell out of his farm.' In the river, which flows beside the line, large quantities of timber may be seen being floated down to the coast. At the stations we make the acquaintance of some of the Hallingdal peasants, in their national costumes, with brightly coloured neckerchiefs and with the indispensable *tollekniv* (sheath knife) at their sides. Until the railway came to their valley, the inhabitants of Hallingdal were almost cut off from the rest of their countrymen, and although their isolation is now ended they still preserve many curious customs, as well as a peculiar dialect which distinguishes them from other Norwegians. Near Torpe station we notice one of the quaint old pagoda-like *stav-kirkes*, dating from about the fourteenth century, and having finely carved porch and doors.

THE EASTERN DESCENT TO KRISTIANIA

The latter part of the descent of the Hallingdal is rapidly made, and as the little village of Gol is approached signs of extensive cultivation are seen. At Bromma the river widens and soon descends in foaming rapids, which may be viewed with the greater

FINSE HOTEL

interest owing to the fact that fifty years ago travellers down the valley generally navigated them in boats. At Gulsvik the river flows into Lake Kröderen, which at first seems to be only a small lake, but of which there is a delightful view just before the long Haversting tunnel is reached, for here its placid waters mirror woods and hills backed by the broad ridge of the Norefjeld. (From the head of the lake, at Gulsvik, steamers run, in connection with the trains, to Kröderen station at the lower end of the lake. Travellers going by this route proceed to Kristiania via Drammen.) The scenery now is that of peaceful woodland and valley, in striking contrast with the wild and rugged grandeur we have left behind, and at Hönefoss we come in touch with industrial enterprise again, this growing town being a busy place where millions of logs from the neighbouring forests are pulped every year for paper-making and other purposes. On leaving the town the train crosses a river by a stone bridge just above the Hönefoss waterfall. From here the line runs through the hilly district of Hadeland, and then through forests to Roa, which is the junction with the Northern Railway line through the Valdres valley. We are now amid the vast forests of Nordmarken, which extend as far as the hills in the immediate neighbourhood of Kristiania, and as we draw near the end of our journey we pass beside the pretty Maridals lake, the last of a chain of lakes which furnish the water supply for the capital of Norway. Soon the wide and smiling Kristiania valley is unfolded to the view, and the city is seen on the slopes of the hills and, beyond it, its harbours, islands, rocks, and the sparkling fjord. The old Akershus fortress and the new Royal Palace are two of the most prominent features of the view of the city. On the north-western and western sides the hills rise to a height of about 1,800 ft., covered with birch and pine woods and studded with picturesque villas. From the

GJEILO. BERGEN–KRISTIANIA RAILWAY

suburban station of Grefsen the north and north-east of the suburbs are skirted for about four and a half miles before the train runs down the steep descent leading to the East Station of Kristiania.

KRISTIANIA

Kristiania, the Norwegian capital and seat of government, is a spacious and imposing city, beautiful in situation at the head of the Kristiania Fjord. It occupies the site of the mediæval town of Oslo, which existed as far back as the eleventh century, but which was burnt in the seventeenth, when King Christian IV founded the present city and planned the lines on which it should be built. For the visitor to Kristiania interest will lie chiefly in the district around Karl Johans Gate, or street, and on the pine-clad hills on which Holmenkollen and Voksenkollen are situated. Karl Johans Gate runs as a fairly narrow thoroughfare from the wide square bordered by the State railway station. Half way up, where the Storting, or Norwegian House of Parliament, stands, it widens out into a beautiful avenue forming a promenade where all the life and fashion of the city meet. King Haakon's Palace occupies an eminence at the end of this avenue, and at the foot of the hill are the University and the National Theatre. In front of the Theatre are large statues of the great Norwegian dramatists Henrik Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson.

VIKING SHIPS

At the back of the University there is a well-preserved Viking ship, dating from the ninth century, discovered in 1889 at Gokstad, near Sandefjord. In an adjoining hut fragments of a similar boat from Smaalenene can be seen; while a third Viking ship, from Oseberg, near Tönsberg, is preserved in a hut beside the Fredrik's Gate, next to the Chemical Laboratory. Professor Mayer states that the Gokstad

KRISTIANIA: KARL JOHANS GATE

vessel ' is of oak, clinker-built with seats for sixteen pairs of rowers, and is 28 ft. long and 16 ft. broad amidships. It dates from about 900, and in form and workmanship is not surpassed by modern vessels of a similar kind. There is a mast for a single sail, and the rudder, as always in those days, is on the starboard side. The gunwale was decorated with a series of shields painted alternately black and gold. The appearance of the vessel when fully equipped can perhaps best be judged from the pictures of Viking ships to be seen in the Bayeux tapestry. There we may note the parti-coloured sail with its variegated stripes, and the rich carving of stem and stern. These magnificent sails were a source of much pride to their possessors, and the story is told of Sigurd Jerusalemfarer that on his way home from Jerusalem to Constantinople he lay for half a month off Cape Malea, waiting for a side wind, so that his sails might be set lengthwise along the ship and so be better seen by those standing on the shore as he sailed up to Constantinople. The stem often ended in a dragon's head done over with gold, whilst the stern was frequently shaped like a dragon's tail, so that the vessel itself was often called a dragon. The Oseberg ship is of a different type. The gunwale is lower and the whole vessel is flatter and broader. It was used as a grave-chamber of a woman, and the whole appearance of the vessel, including its richly-carved stem, indicates that it was used in calm waters for peaceful purposes. In the ' Historisk Museum ' in Kristiania there is a very interesting collection of carriages, domestic utensils, etc., found in the ship. These were presents to the Queen of Oseberg on her way to Valhalla. In the last years of the Viking period ships increased greatly both in size and number. Olaf Tryggveson's vessel, the *Long Serpent,* in which he fought his last fight at Svolder, had thirty benches of oars, while Knut the Great had one with sixty pairs of oars.'

VIEW NEAR THE 'LAATEFOSS' (HARDANGER DISTRICT)

Visitors interested in Scandinavian antiquities will find comprehensive and valuable collections of them in the Historical Museum in the Fredrik's Gate and the Art Industry Museum at the corner of St. Olav's Gate. The Gjöa Museum contains a fine collection of objects illustrative of the life and handicraft of the Lapps; also Roald Amundsen's collection of ethnological objects from Esquimaux villages. The Akershus is an old fortress now used as a military store and prison.

KRISTIANIA WITH ROYAL PALACE IN FOREGROUND

Many interesting excursions can be made from Kristiania. One of the most popular is by electric tram or automobile up to the pine forests, in which the Voksenkollen Hotel is situated, and from which there is a beautiful view of the city and fjord. The Kongesaeter, King Haakon's sports villa, is near the Voksenkollen. The peninsula of Bygdö, lying to the west of the city, should be visited in order that its National Museum may be seen.

The Museum is within a wooded park, in which, in addition to the buildings containing the various collections, there are several extremely interesting old Norwegian domestic buildings and an old *stav-kirke* removed from Gol. Other noteworthy places on the peninsula are Oscarshall, built by King Oscar I and containing some good paintings by Norwegian artists; the Kongsgaard, a summer residence of the Royal Family; and the Agricultural Museum.

EXCURSIONS TO THE FJORDS FROM THE BERGEN-KRISTIANIA RAILWAY

The Bergen-Kristiania Railway opens up several overland routes to the fjords of Western Norway. From several stations on the line magnificent tourists' routes lead north to the Sogne Fjord and south to the Hardanger Fjord, where travellers can join one or another of the steamers plying daily between the most interesting points. To

HARDANGER FJORD

there are two famous overland routes from the railway :—

1. From Trengereid (one hour from Bergen) an excellent road leads over the peninsula between two narrow fjords to Norheimsund. It passes through Aadland and Kvamskogen, and a grand view of the great Folgefond glacier is obtained where the road enters the wild ravines of Tokagjelet.

2. From Voss it is only three hours' drive with horses and one and a half hours by automobile to lovely Eide, the road passing through pine forests and the deep, picturesque rock-bordered ravine of Skjervet, where the Skjerven, a magnificent waterfall, descends in two torrents and is crossed by a bridge. From Eide a delightful walk or drive can be taken to Ulvik, the road being famous for its beautiful scenery.

BERGEN–MOLDE OVERLAND ROUTE

A busy fleet of steamers connects these places with each other and with places on the southern branches of the Hardanger. Of these the best known is Odda, at the extreme south of a branch fjord thirty miles long and varying in width from 200 yds. to two miles. A description of this fjord will be found in the account of the Fjords Cruise. Eidfjord is the nearest point to the grand Vöringfoss, which descends in a single leap some 550 ft. There is a good road up to and above the falls to Fossli farmhouse, passing through much rugged rock scenery.

TO SOGNE FJORD

From Voss to Stalheim and Gudvangen, through the glorious Naerödal valley, is one of the most famous tourist routes in Norway. Soon after leaving Voss a fine view is obtained of Tvindefoss, falling from a mountain ridge. Then the drive is through a romantic valley shut in by lofty wooded slate rocks and where there is another picturesque waterfall. In places the cliffs rise sheer from the road; elsewhere the valley widens and there are farmhouses on its gentle slopes. After passing through Vinje and Framnaes, the road skirts the shore of the Opheim lake, and a grand view is soon obtained of the mighty dome of the Jordalsnut in the centre of a group of peaks. Then the road rises slightly to Stalheim, where there is a magnificent view into the deep Stalheim Klev. A full description of the wonderful descent into the Naerödal from Stalheim will be found on pages 37, 38.

From Myrdal it is eleven and a half miles to Flaam, descending by a zigzag road with seventeen curves from a height of 2,844 ft. to the level of the Sogne Fjord. The road winds down a wild valley between mountains rising to heights of nearly 6,000 ft. The scenery is magnificent. Two fine waterfalls, the

Leirfoss and the Rjoandefoss, are passed. The B and N. touring steamers call at Flaam.

From Gudvangen and Flaam there are also comfortable steamers plying continually through the Sogne Fjord to the famous tourist centres of Sogn; to Balholm; to Vadheim for the drive north to Söndfjord and Nordfjord; to Fjaerland for the Jostedalsbrae, the greatest glacier in Europe; and to Skjolden, Aardal, Sogndal, and Laerdal for tours among the wild mountains and lakes of the Jotunheim.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AND WALKING TOURS

Four stations on the Bergen-Kristiania Railway—Myrdal, Hallingskeid, Finse, and Haugastöl—lie on the great mountain waste at elevations of from 2,800 ft. to 4,000 ft. All around them lies the land of the glaciers, rising in places to the height of 6,500 ft. Several delightful excursions can be made from these stations, notably to the Hardanger Jökul glacier; to the mountain Hallingskarvet; over the Hardanger plateau to the cosy tourist huts of the Norwegian Tourist Club (*Den Norske Turistforening*) at Daemmevasshytten on the west side of the Hardanger Jökul; at Kraekjahytten, Gjeiteryggen, and at Steinbergdalen.

THE VALDRES ROUTE BY AUTOMOBILE FROM THE SOGNE FJORD TO FAGERNES AND BY RAIL TO KRISTIANIA

The railway through the Valdres Valley follows the direction taken by one of the oldest roads by which communication was kept up between Western and Eastern Norway. As early as the thirteenth century it was the ' Royal route ' across Norway, and along it there were mountain hospices, supported by the State, for the benefit of travellers. Even so late as a few years ago the man who ventured to cross the country by the Valdres road was looked upon as an adventurous traveller, but since 1906, when the railway

BORGUND STAV-KIRKE

VALDRES

from Kristiania to Fagernes was opened, the journey has been made under ideal conditions so far as comfort is concerned, the tourist carriages of the trains being equipped with every convenience that can be desired. The scenery passed through in the valley has not the wild and savage grandeur of the mountain wastes crossed by the Bergen-Kristiania Railway. Its great attraction lies in its wide views of a beautiful country and the quiet charm of broad landscapes stretching away to an horizon bounded by snow-capped fjelds. Passengers on the cruising steamers, or the local fjord steamers from Bergen and Gudvangen and Flaam, who land at Laerdalsören in the Sogne Fjord, and from there journey by automobile to Fagernes, have, however, the choice of two routes, one of them taking them through the mountain wonderland of the Jotunheim.

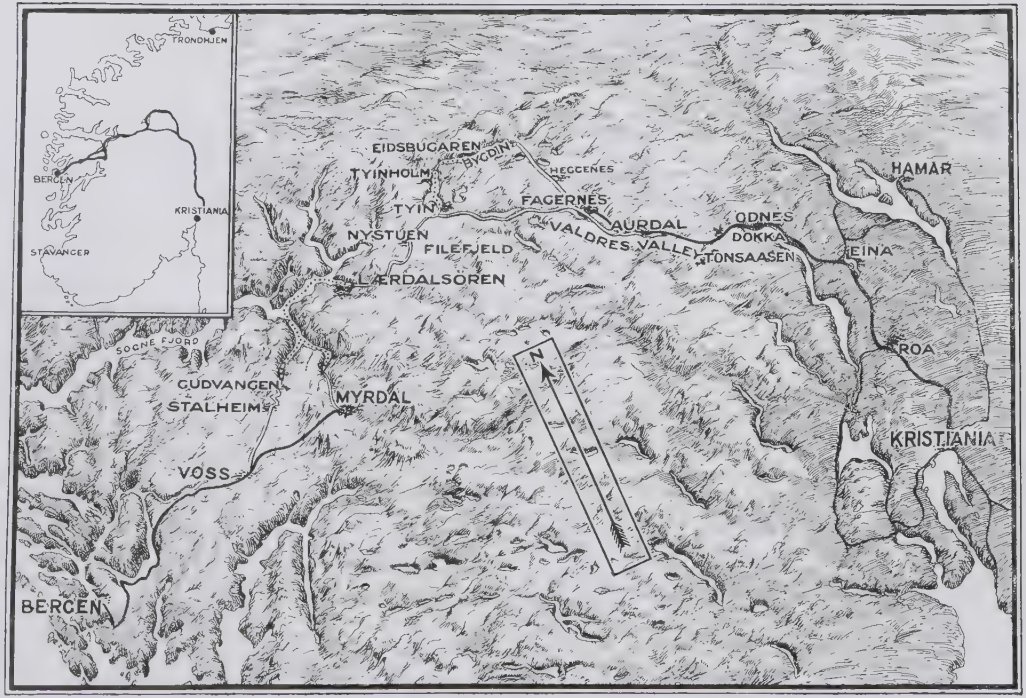
ROUTE I—BY AUTOMOBILE THROUGH WEST SLIDRE TO FAGERNES

This is the old main route. From Laerdalsören, at the head of the Sogne Fjord, the road runs close by the Stönjums waterfall, and soon there is a good view of the remarkable crest of the mountain Okken (5,683 ft.), from a point where there is a sharp bend in the Laera Valley. Then the church at Tönjum is passed, the River Laera crossed, and in a beautiful part of this characteristic western valley, bordered by precipitous mountain walls, terraces can be seen on the mountain slopes, marking the heights of ancient coast-lines. Soon the road approaches the Jutul waterfall, and, after again crossing the river, enters a ravine in which there is much wild and rugged scenery to be enjoyed before the automobile reaches Husum, where the river forms a cascade. Another picturesque ravine, worn in the rocks by the river, is passed through before we arrive at Borgund, notable for possessing the best preserved old *stav-kirke* in

FAGERNES. THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE VALDRES RAILWAY

Norway. It is first mentioned in 1360, but probably dates from the middle of the 12th century. It now belongs to the Norwegian Society of Antiquaries, and has been carefully restored without altering its original character. The ornamentation of its lofty portals is fine, and over the west doorway there are runic inscriptions which afford a clue to the date of the building. The old belfry, standing between the old church and a new one, was restored about 1660. The presence of birches and aspens, together with a luxuriant vegetation, testifies to the comparatively mild climate of Western Norway, but as the road steeply ascends the valley, still following the course of the river, a change is noted in the character of the scenery, and at Maristuen, a mountain hospice that was founded at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the hotel, which is open in winter, is finely situated on a kind of plateau surrounded by snow-capped hills and commanding a grand view of the Laerdal. The most conspicuous mountain summits are those of Suletind and Bleia. Higher up the road a stone pillar marks its highest point, on the Filefjeld, which is the watershed of East and West Norway. Close to the road now may be seen some *saeters,* small buildings used by the dairymaids, who drive their flocks in summer from the lowland farms up to the rich pastures among the mountains. Here the girls live quite alone during the summer, engaged in tending their flocks and making cheese and butter. Nystuen is another mountain hospice, beautifully situated on the Utro lake, and an ideal spot for a mountain holiday. It is from here that mountaineers ascend the Stugunösen (4,826 ft.) and from the summit have a magnificent view of the rugged peaks of the Jotunheim.

From Nystuen the road descends 1,300 ft. to Skogstad, and, still descending through much wild scenery, reaches a point where the River Begna plunges into beautiful Lake Vangsmjösen, which is



THE VALDRES ROUTE

about twelve miles long and lies at an altitude of about 1,500 ft. Rugged mountains slope abruptly to its shores and are mirrored in its glassy waters. The road follows its south bank, and at Grindaheim, pleasantly situated beside the lake, there is a grand view of the Grindefjeld (5,602 ft.) to the south, while on the north side of the lake the rocky slopes are dominated by the Skotshorn, where, it is said, a curious phenomenon is sometimes witnessed. After a crash like thunder, jets of steam issue from the rocks, probably from some cavern near the summit.

After the road has left the lake-side, the mountain parish of Vang is entered, the most northerly place in Valdres. Then the River Begna is crossed, a waterfall, the Lofoss, is seen, and the road enters a wood on the bank of the river. Much beautiful scenery is enjoyed before we arrive at Löken, which overlooks the lovely Slidre Fjord and its numerous islands, and near which place is the old Lomen *stav-kirke*. The journey is continued along the bank of the fjord, where the scenery is charmingly varied, one of the most delightful views being obtained from the finely-situated stone church and the parsonage at West Slidre. Fosheim (which takes its name from its waterfall) is passed, and the road skirts the shore of the placid Strande Fjord, affording views of the snow-clad mountains of the Vangsmjösen and some of the Jotunheim peaks. Then it crosses the river, which descends from East Slidre in fine cascades, and we arrive at Fagernes.

ROUTE II—BY AUTOMOBILE AND MOTOR-BOAT TO LAKE TYIN AND BYGDIN, THE JOTUNHEIM AND FAGERNES

From Laerdalsören to Nystuen the route is the same as that through West Slidre, but at Nystuen the road to Framnes is taken and affords a superb view of the distant Uranaastind and other peaks. At Tyin the

LAKES AT DIFFERENT ALTITUDES, JOTUNHEIMEN MOUNTAINS
Besseggen and the Bessvand

traveller goes on board the motor-boat and proceeds up Lake Tyin, the short voyage up this grand, solitary mountain lake providing many picturesque and impressive views of the surrounding mountains. A landing is made at Tyinholmen, from which place a broad road about two miles long runs up to Eidsbugaren on the shore of Lake Bygdin, where another motor-boat starts to traverse the full length of the lake to Fagerstrand, where very good hotels have been erected.

Bygdin, situated at an altitude of 3,485 ft. and having an area of seventeen and a half square miles, is the largest of the Jotunheim lakes. On the north it is bounded by imposing mountains, Sletmarkhö, Torfinnstind (7,030 ft.), and Kalvaahögda (7,159 ft.) being the most striking heights, while on the south the most noticeable summits are those of Seksinfjeld, Vaalaahornene, and Dryllenosen. Among the waterfalls seen is the Galdebergsfoss, descending from the Galdebergstind. From end to end of the lake the views are grand, and in places the impressiveness of the lake itself is increased by its milky colour, due to its being fed by torrents from the glaciers.

(From Fagerstrand and Eidsbugaren northward excursions may be made to glorious Lake Gjende, which has been described as 'an unforgettable and awfully desolate Lake of Lucerne,' isolated amid lofty, rugged mountains. Mountaineers will usually find ample accommodation at the tourist huts, one of which, the Glitterheim Hut, is often made the starting-point of the ascent of the Glittertind (8,380 ft.), where the summit is covered with a vast mantle of snow extending on the north side to the edge of a sheer precipice. From the club hut at Gjendesheim, at the east end of Lake Gjende, several attractive excursions may be made, including the ascent of the Bessegg, a curious narrow ridge separating the lake from the Bessvand.)

Between Fagerstrand and Fagernes there are grand views of Lake Öiangen and of several of the lofty mountains of the Hallingdal and Jotunheim ranges. The road passes a picturesque *stav-kirke,* mentioned as early as 1327, but now largely re-built; also the fine modern hotel and posting station of Heggenes, charmingly situated above the Hegge Fjord. This fjord, Volbu Fjord, and Saebö Fjord make up a chain of beautiful lakes, near which the road runs as it descends the East Slidre valley to Fagernes.

This route, taken in the reverse direction, affords the quickest communication between Kristiania and the Jotunheim mountains, the journey from Kristiania to Lake Bygdin occupying only twelve hours. By the opening of the automobile route from Fagernes to Bygdin, and from Tyin to Nystuen and Laerdalsören, several alternative itineraries are made possible. The traveller to Laerdalsören has the option of seeing the wild mountain scenery of the Jotunheim without any delay, or he may make a three or four days' circular tour from Kristiania and back, taking one valley on the up journey and another on the return. i.e. Fagernes—Nystuen—Tyin—Bygdin—Fagernes.

BY RAIL FROM FAGERNES TO KRISTIANIA

Fagernes, the western terminus of the Valdres Railway, is pleasantly situated amid pine woods on the shore of the beautiful Strande Fjord, through which the River Begna flows. Soon after the train leaves the station, we have on the right a view of the Aurdals Fjord and its islands, and then the line continues along the side of the Begna, which flows partly through woods and makes several waterfalls. Presently the train reaches the broad countryside of North Aurdal—an open valley which is the most populous part of Valdres, and where Aurdal (which now has a station) has been the capital of the valley from time

immemorial. For many miles the landscape is rich in lovely changing scenes, and from the top of an ascent the traveller admires the scenery of South Aurdal on the right before he reaches Tonsaasen, a favourite summer and winter resort on a high plateau, from the heights of which he sees the snowy peaks of the Jotunheim. Tonsaasen and Breidablik have well-known mountain hotels standing amid beautiful surroundings affording delightful woodland walks and grand views of the mountains and the whole of the Valdres Valley. Descending from Tonsaasen, the Etna Valley is seen to the north, on the left, and two rivers, the Etna and the Dokka, are crossed before the train skirts the shore of the Rands Fjord. At Odnes station passengers may join the steamers plying on the fjord, which is hardly wider than a broad river, but from which the views of hill country and dark pine forest are very beautiful. It is bounded on the east by the fertile Hadeland and on the west and north by Valdres and Land, the banks rising gradually to about 2,000 ft. and being in some places cultivated. From the Rands Fjord the line ascends and makes a wide curve along the shore of the Skjelbrei lake to Eina.

Pretty Lake Eina is seen as the train descends to Haagaar, and from Bleiken there is a charming view of the Rands Fjord. From here the line skirts wooded Mount Brandbu (Brandbukampen) and then descends to Jaren, a junction station from which a branch line runs to Röikenvik on the Rands Fjord. Then Gran and Lunner are passed, in the neighbourhood of which are the Sister Churches and the Chapter House—in the Middle Ages a resting-place for pilgrims on their way to St. Olav's Shrine at Trondhjem. Roa is the junction with the Bergen-Kristiania Railway. At Harestuen there is still dense forest, although the country around here is reckoned among the best agricultural districts in Norway. Views are obtained of the Harestu lakes,

and near Hakedal we have a glimpse of the Hakedal Ironworks, one of the oldest in Norway, but now disused. Hakedal and Nittedal are stations in the forest, for in the Maridal valley the character of the landscape changes and we see the pine-clad hills of the Nordmarken and the romantic Maridal lake. Soon after passing Nydalen, one of the largest manufacturing centres in the neighbourhood of Kristiania, the capital of Norway is seen in fine panoramic effect from Töien, and lovely views of the Akers valley are enjoyed until the train enters the East Station at Kristiania.

THE GUDBRANDSDAL ROUTE

The passenger who chooses to take the Gudbrandsdal route to Kristiania may leave the cruising steamer at any one of three different points and so reach the Gudbrandsdal by one or another of three roads, between the charms of which it is difficult to decide.

1. On the sixth day out from Newcastle he may disembark at Visnaes, on the Nord Fjord, and proceed over the Stryn lake, and up the magnificent Via valley until he reaches the summit of the tableland at Grotli, thence passing through the Ottadal, past Pollfoss, Lom, and the Vaage lake, to Otta, where the railway is reached.

2. He can remain on board another day and, landing at Merok, at the head of the Geiranger Fjord, proceed by the wonderful zigzag road to the frozen lake of Djupvand and from thence to Grotli.

3. The most rapid means, however, of getting to Otta is by leaving the steamer, on the eighth day, at Nes and proceeding by automobile up the glorious Romsdal to the railway terminus at Dombaas.

This last route may be preferred by most travellers because the tours from Visnes to Grotli, and from Merok to Grotli, are covered by the two days' shore excursions arranged for passengers who leave the steamer at Visnes and re-embark at Merok.

GROTLI—OTTADAL TO OTTA

From the summit of the fjeld plateau at Grotli the road to the Gudbrandsdal passes through a country of rugged and wild scenery and affords a near view of the snow-clad Skriulaupbrae and a distant one of the vast white expanse of the Jostedal Glacier. For a while the road is nearly level. It skirts the small Vulu lake; *saeters* are seen on the bordering hills; and the Tordals stream, fed by glaciers and

OTTA, GUDBRANDSDALEN

snow-fields, is crossed; also the Kvaernaa, which descends on the left in a series of falls from the Synstaalkirke (4,362 feet). Pollfoss is situated in a beautiful pine forest at an altitude of 2,500 feet. It is an excellent centre for fishing, for reindeer, and ptarmigan shooting, and for mountain expeditions. There are three rivers and a lake in which sport may be enjoyed all the summer. The road continues past

THE GUDBRANDSDAL ROUTE TO THE NORD FJORD DISTRICT

LOM, BETWEEN OTTA AND MEROK

the lake, from which the River Otta flows, and descent is made through a rocky gorge at the bottom of which the foaming river pursues a turbulent course. Two churches, those of Nordberget and Skiaaker, are seen by the traveller before he reaches Aanstad, at the head of the Otta lake. Following the south shore of the lake, which lies amid magnificent scenery, the road passes through Lom, where there is a *stav-kirke*, dating from the thirteenth century, and, near the parsonage, an ancient *stabbur,* or store house.

(From Lom a road runs southward, past Röisheim, to the Jotunheim. Travellers taking this side excursion will be able to visit the Galdhöpigg and the Glittertind, the highest mountains in Norway.)

From Lom the drive is continued along the shore of the Otta lake to Fossheim and the posting-station at Andvord, hotels resorted to by mountaineers

bent on ascending the Lomsegg and viewing from its summit the Glittertind, Galdhöpigg, and other giants of the Jotunheim. In following the shore of the lake, it is worth while to look back occasionally, for the views in that direction are glorious. At Fritsvold the Otta lake becomes merged in the Vaage lake, which the road crosses at Vaagemo, where there is an enlarged and restored church retaining some ornamentation which proves that it was originally built early in the twelfth century. Close by is Sörem, in the midst of a prosperous farming district. Here the sides of the valley close in, and, the lake becoming a river again, its course is followed down the Otta valley till the railway is reached at Otta.

THROUGH THE ROMSDAL TO DOMBAAS BY AUTOMOBILE

A description of the lower part of the magnificent Romsdal—often described as the most glorious valley in Norway—will be found on page 57, a drive from Nes to Horgheim being included among the land excursions arranged in connection with the Fjords Cruise.

Above Horgheim the road, keeping to the side of the Rauma river, passes the beautiful Mongefoss, one of the many waterfalls in this part of the valley. Just before Ormeim is reached, the Vermefoss is seen, falling nearly a thousand feet—two-thirds of the distance in one mighty leap—upon a rock, which breaks it into three streams, descending into a rocky basin from which a cloud of spray rises. A little further on is the Slettafoss, the roar of which can be heard far off. Parts of the valley are exceedingly fertile, and at one spot the river is dammed up and forms a lake. The road winds zigzag fashion up the Björneklev (bear's cliff), running high above the river, which foams in a gully below, and at Stueflaaten reaches a point over

ROMSDALSHORN

2,000 ft. above the level of the sea. Further on a monument by the roadside marks the spot where King Olav halted when fleeing before Canute (Knut) the Great in 1029. Canute was then in possession of Nidaros (Trondhjem), and Olav, finding himself beset by enemies, fled across the mountains to Sweden and Russia.

From the Lesjeskogen lake, the River Rauma flows westward into the Atlantic and the River Laagen down the Gudbrandsdal to the Skaggerrack, keeping us company during the rest of our journey to Otta. At Lesjeverk there are abandoned iron mines, and beyond Hoset is seen the old bed of a lake which has been drained. From Holaaker the road ascends towards the Dovre mountains, and at Dombaas we reach the highest station on the road and an excellent centre from which to make excursions into the Dovre Fjeld. In a few years this will be the point from which the new mountain railway to Trondhjem will branch off and open up a magnificent country. Björnson, the great Norwegian dramatist and novelist, was born in the Dovre, and fine descriptions of its wild mountain wastes, as well as interesting studies of its inhabitants, may be read in his novel *Blakken*.

BY RAIL FROM DOMBAAS TO KRISTIANIA

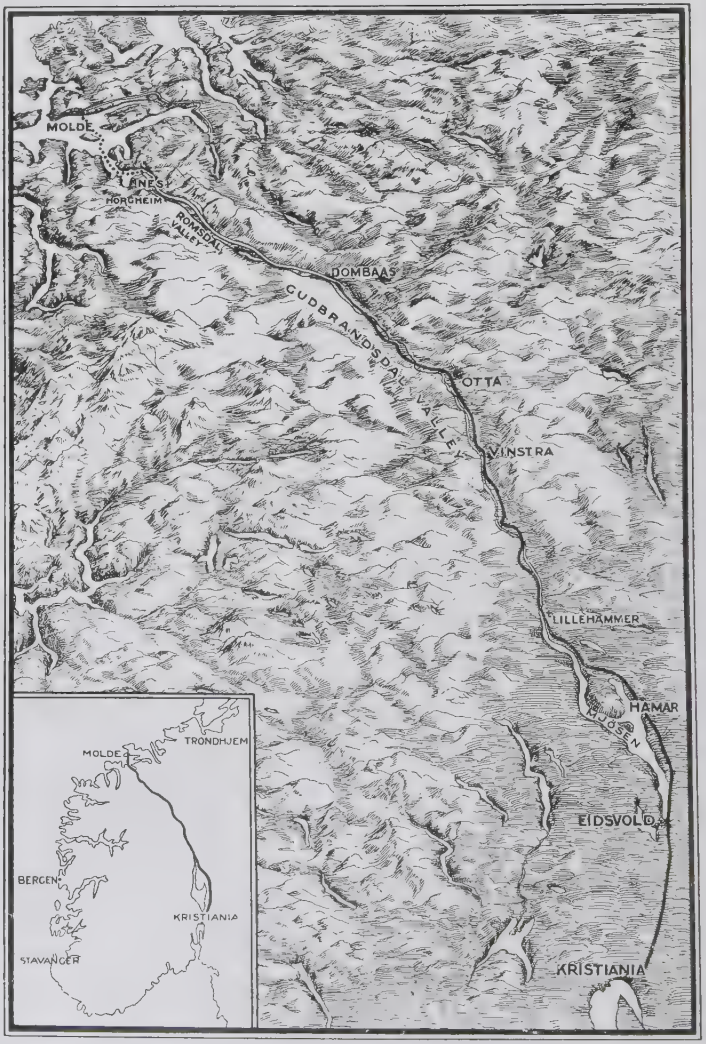
Joining the train at Dombaas, we descend to Toftemoen and Brennhaugen, following the course of the Laagen, which forms many beautiful cascades as it forces its way through the scattered rocks of a wild ravine. Before reaching Otta we pass Kringen, famous in Norwegian history as the scene of the slaughter of a force of 600 Scottish mercenaries in 1612. There are various versions of the story, but the generally accepted one is that during the war between Christian IV of Denmark and Norway and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the latter monarch secured the services of about 3,000 men from the

LILLEHAMMER

north of Scotland, 600 of whom, under the leadership of Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdal and marched through the Gudbrandsdal. At Kringen, where the road runs like a narrow ribbon between steep cliffs, his troops were surprised by a force of 300 farmers, who rolled logs and boulders down upon the Scots, all of whom, including a number of prisoners taken, were killed except one man who escaped. A romantic tinge is given to the story by the tradition that Sinclair's wife accompanied the Scottish troops, and that a Norwegian girl named Guri, the sweetheart of one of the young farmers, wishing to warn her of the planned attack, sent her lover to her for that purpose on the previous night. The lady, however, misunderstanding the meaning of his visit, is said to have shot him dead. Another version affirms that the peasant girl Guri stood on a hill-top and, by blowing a horn, gave the signal that the enemy were under the cliff. A tablet on the rock at the spot commemorates this historical event.

DOWN THE GUDBRANDSDAL

The railway journey from Dombaas to Kristiania takes about nine hours, the line descending through the beautiful and fertile valley of Gudbrandsdal. At station after station halts are made at places ideally situated from the point of view of any one seeking a lovely valley retreat in which a summer holiday may be spent within sight of, and varied by excursions to, the distant snow-capped mountains. On innumerable heights along the line there are excellent hydros, several of which are resorted to by invalids, who invariably benefit by the pure and bracing air of the mountains, while others are kept open during the whole, or part, of the winter for the accommodation of ski-runners, who find good sport on the slopes of the valley. In the woods on the sides of the mountains much timber is felled in the autumn, and, after being



KRISTIANIA–MOLDE THROUGH THE GUDBRANDSDAL AND ROMSDAL VALLEYS

dragged down to the river over the winter snow, is floated down to the coast in summer. Down the entire length of the valley to Lillehammer the railway follows the course of the broad, rushing river, which adds much to the picturesqueness of the scenes passed through by the traveller on the line. Among the excursions that may be easily made from Gudbrandsdal, some of the most attractive are those to

RINGEBU, GUDBRANDSDALEN

the wild mountain lakes and heights of the Jotunheim on the one hand, and among the Rondane mountains on the other. From Faaberg a motor route runs up the side valley of Gausdal to the Jotunheim, passing Aulestad, where Björnson lived.

The chief places of interest along the Gudbrandsdal, apart from the hotels and sanatoria, may be briefly noted. Hundorp seems to have been an important place when the primitive Scandinavians were wor-

shippers of Tor and Odin, for there are several barrows in its neighbourhood; a *gaard* (farmhouse) called Hundorp is said to have been the seat of Dale Gudbrand, the heathen opponent of St. Olav; and another *gaard,* Hove, is traditionally a heathen place of sacrifice. The account of Olav's interview with Dale Gudbrand and his peasants, and of how the latter brought to the interview a great wooden image of the god Tor, from which issued snakes, lizards, and rats as big as cats when it was broken with a club wielded by Kolbjörn the Strong, makes entertaining reading, but is too long to be quoted here. English readers may find it in Professor Boyesen's *Norway* (Story of the Nations series), or in one of the several translations of the Heimskringla. At Ringebu there is an old church, known to have existed as early as 1270, but now a cruciform building with a seventeenth century spire. Tretten lies at the southern end of Lake Losna, a widening of the River Laagen, well known to anglers. From the bridge where the train crosses the river near Hunder a waterfall, the Hunderfoss, is visible.

Lillehammer, a town of about 4,000 inhabitants, extending over a mile along the road to the Gudbrandsdal, is worth alighting from the train to see, its open-air museum of old Norwegian peasant buildings in which ancient costumes, domestic utensils, and weapons are preserved, being exceedingly interesting. From the Mesna bridge, which connects the northern and southern parts of the town, it is only a few minutes' walk to the Helvedeshöl (hell cauldron), a ravine in which there are fine waterfalls. From Lillehammer the line continues southward to Hamar, a thriving town of about 6,000 inhabitants, the seat of the district governor and a bishop. The bishopric was founded in 1152 by an Englishman, Nicholas Breakspeare, then a papal nuncio, and who afterwards became the only English

Pope, Adrian IV. There are picturesque ruins of the Cathedral, dating from the twelfth century. After leaving Hamar, the train runs along the east bank of Lake Mjösen, known as 'Norway's inland sea,' and having an area of 138 square miles. At historic Eidsvold there is, near the church, a '*bauta*' stone to the memory of the poet Wergeland, who, although

MINNE BRIDGE ON THE KRISTIANIA-TRONDHJEM RAILWAY

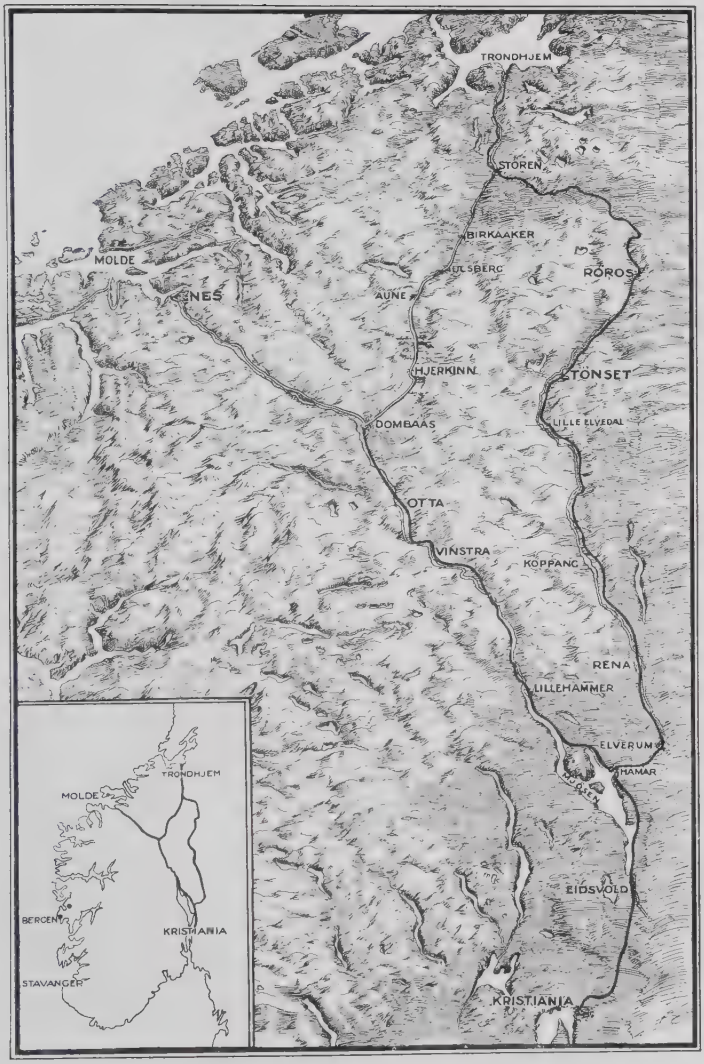
born at Kristianssand, spent the earliest years of his life here, his father being one of the original members of the Storting. It was in the old mansion of Eidsvolds verk that the Norwegian constitution was adopted in 1814. This building, now owned by the State, contains portraits of members of the Storting. After leaving Eidsvold there is nothing particularly noteworthy until the traveller gets a fine view of Kristiania and its fjord before entering the station of the capital.

BY RAIL FROM TRONDHJEM TO KRISTIANIA

From Trondhjem, where the cruising steamers arrive on the ninth day out from Newcastle, there are two alternative routes to Kristiania (1) the railway via Röros through the Österdal, or (2) the old Royal road from Stören over the Dovre mountains to Dombaas and thence by the Gudbrandsdal Railway, as described in the last section. A railway is in course of construction across the Dovre Fjeld from Stören to Dombaas, and will be completed in from two to three years.

After leaving Trondhjem, the line follows the valley of the Nidelv river for a short distance, and then, crossing a bridge, enters the picturesque valley of the Gula, which is not left until the plateau is reached. The views here are of level, fertile country and low hills, beyond which are seen the snowy summits of the Troldheim mountains. Beyond Stören, in the neighbourhood of Singsaas, there is a fine stretch of pine-clad hills, and, on the right of the line, a waterfall. In the district now traversed there are many copper

ON MJÖSEN LAKE



KRISTIANIA–TRONDHJEM ROUTES

EIDSVOLD

mines, and smelting works and heaps of copper ore may often be seen at the stations. The mining centre is Röros, a town founded in 1646, soon after the discovery of copper in the district. Near the town the line passes the watershed and follows the course of the River Glommen down the Österdal, a broad, wooded valley from which huge rafts of timber are floated down the stream. It is a favourite valley with Norwegian holiday-makers, and many delightful excursions may be made from stations on the line. The village of Tönset is a fine centre for a quiet holiday, especially for those who need bracing mountain air and enjoy the fragrance of the pines, or who wish to study Norwegian peasant life. From Lille-Elvedal there is a fine excursion to the summit of the Trond Fjeld on the one side, and, on the other, to the Alps of Rondane, the descent of which may be made into the Gudbrandsdal. At Barkald, where the Glommen makes a fall, passengers alight who wish to see the

Jutulhugget, a wild gorge, the lowest part of which is 130 ft. below the level of the river. Atna, where the River Atna descends from the picturesque Atnedal, is an excellent starting-point for travellers bent on climbing some of the Rondane mountains, the loftiest of which is the Rondeslot (7,103 ft.). Between Atna and Koppang, where the train passes through a wood high above the river, there are fine views to the south, and at Rasten there is a lovely view of the valley. Rena is charmingly situated on the right bank of the river and at the entrance to a valley leading up to pretty Lake Storsjö and the Trysil mountains. At Elverum the Österdal ends and the line crosses the lonely wooded district of Hedemarken to Hamar, on the shore of beautiful Lake Mjösen. From here the journey to Kristiania is continued along the route described on page 166.

BY ROAD ACROSS THE DOVRE FJELD TO DOMBAAS

This alternative route from Trondhjem to Kristiania was once the chief mountain route, and has, of course, been superseded by the railway. Train is taken to Stören, where the drive begins. The road first follows the narrow valley of the River Sokna and up a ravine, in which the river makes many falls and drives several mills, to Birkaaker, on the water-shed between the famous fishing rivers Gula and Orkla. This is an excellent centre for excursions into the Troldheim mountains. To Ulsberg, the road, blasted out of solid rock that rises like a wall on the left, follows the magnificent ravine of the Orkla, the river, a roaring, foaming torrent, being seen 700 ft. below. There are fine views of snow-capped mountains, and, presently, a distant one of Snehaetta (7,550 ft.) and its vast glacier. At Aune the road to the Sundals Fjord branches off, the main road following the River

Driva up a mountain and through a narrow ravine to Drivstuen, Kongsvold, and Hjerkinn, the scenery in many places being grand. Many small streams pour down into the valley, cutting deep gullies in the rocks over which they fall, and between them there are rugged rock ridges dotted with shrubs and dwarf birches. Parts of the valley are cultivated, barley and potatoes being grown, and amid the rocks the botanist may discover many beautiful Alpine flowers. Not far from Drivstuen the wild gorge of Magalaupet is only a few paces from the road. Tourists should not fail to view this natural phenomena. The sanatoria at Kongsvold, Hjerkinn, and Fokstuen occupy the sites of *fjeldstuer,* or mountain hospices, founded by King Öystein, early in the twelfth century, for the convenience and safety of travellers crossing the Dovre Fjeld. They provide every comfort for those desirous of spending a delightful mountain holiday, and some of them are frequented in winter by snow-shoers. Kongsvold and Hjerkinn are convenient starting-points for the ascent of Snehaetta, of which there is a fine view from the road between the two hospices. The River Driva forms some beautiful waterfalls and passes through one of the grandest ravines in Norway, bounded by overhanging precipices. Down these great rock walls waterfalls descend, some falling several hundred feet in about half a dozen leaps, while others cover the face of the rock as with a broad, filmy veil of lace. The river forms torrential cataracts as it dashes over and around the huge rocks strewn about its bed. As Fokstuen is approached the traveller passes several little lakes, and as the road descends from the Dovre Fjeld, through moor, bog, and stunted pines, towards Dombaas, it affords some grand mountain views. From Dombaas the journey to Kristiania may be continued by rail as described on pages 161-165.

THE HELL-SUNNAN RAILWAY FROM TRONDHJEM TO LAKE SNAASEN

This is a pleasant journey by rail to Sunnan on Lake Snaasen, and one that can be made to include a steamer trip up the lake. It can be continued by road from Stenkjaer or Sem (at the head of the lake) to Namsos, from whence the traveller may return by steamer to Trondhjem.

After leaving Trondhjem, the train crosses the Nidelv river and passes along the shore of the Strinden Fjord to the junction station at Hell, where it crosses the Stjördals river, and views are obtained of the Stjördals Fjord. The line then turns inland for a while, but soon approaches the shore of the Aasen Fjord, where there is a ruined castle on the little island of Stenviksholm. The route is then through a fertile country to Levanger, a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, charmingly situated on the shore of an arm of the Trondhjem Fjord. In crossing the Vaerdals river, which flows down a valley which, in 1893, was devastated by floods, it is interesting to remember that not far from here, on July 29, 1030, was fought the great battle of Stiklestad, in which St. Olav was slain. A column erected in 1805 commemorates the battle and the death of the saint. Stenkjaer, another little town, lies at the head of the Trondhjem Fjord and at the mouth of a stream descending from Lake Snaasen.

(From Stenkjaer there is a good road to Namsos, following for some miles the shore of the Namsen Fjord. Namsos is situated at the mouth of the Namsen, one of the best salmon rivers in Europe.)

At Stenkjaer the railway leaves the fjord and crosses an isthmus to the terminus at Sunnan, at the south-western end of Snaasen, a beautiful lake surrounded by woods and rocky hills. A small steamer makes the voyage up the lake to Sem in about four and a half hours. Here there is accommodation for visitors.

The drive from Sem to Namsos is a delightful one. The road to Fiskum ascends to about 800 ft., and then descends into a charming valley with a fine waterfall, afterwards following the course of the winding Sandöla stream till it reaches and crosses the Namsen river. In descending the right bank of this latter river, some lovely views are enjoyed by the traveller before he reaches the Fiskumfoss, a great waterfall on the Namsen. From Fiskum the road descends the picturesque and populous Namdal to Vie, the principal resort of English anglers, and Namsos.

The voyage from Namsos to Trondhjem by mail steamer occupies about twenty hours, while the journey can be made in twelve hours by taking steamer to Rödhammer, motor-car to Stenkjaer, and then rail to Trondhjem.

BY RAIL FROM TRONDHJEM TO STORLIEN

This journey is made along the direct line from Trondhjem to Stockholm, the time occupied in travelling to the capital of Sweden being about twenty-four hours.

From Trondhjem the train runs to Hell by the route indicated in the last section, and then ascends the left bank of the Stjördals stream through a delightful valley, with birch and fir woods and waterfalls, to Meraker, a little town with a custom-house for travellers coming from Sweden, and affording a fine view from its station. From here the line ascends rapidly, and, after passing a beautiful pine wood, reaches heights where there is little vegetation and from which there is a distant view of the mountains of Sweden. The frontier is crossed to Storlien at a height of 1,824 ft., the line being protected from snowdrifts by timber galleries. The rest of the line is in Sweden.

BY RAIL FROM STAVANGER TO FLEKKEFJORD

The Stavanger-Flekkefjord Railway is part of a scheme to connect all the coast towns of Southern Norway between Stavanger and Kristiania. The railway is about ninety-four miles long, and the journey from Stavanger to Flekkefjord occupies from five and a quarter hours. After leaving Stavanger the train skirts the fjord to Sandnes and then crosses the lonely lake, moor, and woodland district of Jaederen, affording views of the sea along a part of the coast where there is no island belt to break the force of the waves. It was from the Jaederen that Leif Erikson and his adventurous companions set sail on the voyage which resulted in their discovering America centuries before the birth of Columbus. In Hafrs Fjord, in Jaederen, in 872, Harald Haafager won the great sea-fight that made him king of all Norway. In a graphic account of the fight, Hjalmar H. Boyesen, the Norwegian historian, writes: 'The warhorns were blown, and King Harald's ship was foremost wherever the fight was hottest. In its prow stood Torolf, the son of Kveld-Ulf, who fought with splendid bravery, and the brothers Oelve Nuva and Eyvind Lambe. The issue seemed long doubtful, and many of the king's best men were slain; spears and stones rained down in showers, and the arrows flew hissing through the air. At last Harald's *berserks,* seized with a wild fury, stormed forward, and boarded the enemies' ships. The carnage was terrible, and one by one the chieftains fell or fled. King Harald here won . . . one of the greatest battles ever fought in Norway; and there was from this day no longer any formidable opposition to him. . . The scald Thorbjörn Hornklove made a song about the victory, fragments of which are still extant.'

Beyond Egersund there is some picturesque scenery, and between Helleland and Heskestad several small

FLEKKEFJORD

lakes are seen as the train ascends between mountain walls. Wild and rugged scenes characterize the narrow Drangsdal, along the steep sides of which the line winds before crossing the Hove lake and the Siredal river. Then the line follows the east shore of the Lunde lake, which is surrounded by steep mountains, and ascends to Flikeid, the heights of the country here affording delightful views. A descent is made from this hilly

KRISTIANSAND

country along the western bank of the Loia lake to Flekkefjord, a prettily situated little town which has grown considerably in importance since the advent of the railway.

From Flekkefjord the traveller may, perhaps, choose to go by sea to Kristiansand, and from there ascend the beautiful Saetersdal, which is yearly visited by increasing numbers of holiday-makers.

There is much beautiful scenery in the Saetersdal, and the tourist who chooses to explore the upper part of the valley comes in touch with a people who cling to old ideas and customs more than do the inhabitants of almost any other district in Norway.

Kristiansand (about 16,000 inhabitants) takes its name from King Kristian IV, who founded it in 1641. It stands at the mouth of the Otteraa river and is the capital of a province and the seat of a bishop. Its Cathedral has been re-built since 1880. On the beautiful island of Odderö, which is connected with the town by a bridge, there are public gardens and promenades, but part of the island is fortified and inaccessible to tourists. There are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, a favourite one being the ascent of the rocky valley of Ravnedal and the lower slopes of the Ravne Fjeld, where there are fine views.

The railway journey up the Saetersdal lies through Mosby, a popular resort of the Kristiansand townsfolk, and the train, after crossing and re-crossing the Otteraa river, passes along the shore of the Lang lake to Haegeland on the Kile Fjord, afterwards following the wide Otteraa to Hornnes on the Breiflaa lake. From Evje, where there are nickel and copper mines, there is a fine view of the valley before the train passes through pine forests beside the river to the terminus at the southern end of the Byglands Fjord. Here the steamer quay is close beside the station, and the steamer is timed to start on the arrival of the morning train from Kristiansand. The lower part of the fjord, enclosed by steep hills covered with birch and pine woods, reveals much charming scenery, the highest hills rising to heights of from 2,500 ft. to 2,770 ft. Bygland, which is reached in about three hours, is popular with English holiday-

NATIVES OF THE SÆTERSDAL VALLEY, KRISTIANSAND RAILWAY

makers seeking rest and good fishing in a quiet place where lake and mountain afford opportunities for making many delightful excursions. The steamer trip usually ends at Ose, where there is some accommodation for tourists, and where, at one of the farmhouses, some Saetersdal curiosities are preserved. Above Ose there is a fine, wild, and little-travelled country to be explored, very attractive to good walkers, who, by making careful inquiries as to direction and accommodation, may find their way to the Suldals lake on the road from Röldal to Stavanger or to Flaathyl, near the Haukeli Hotel, on the Telemarken road. But the persevering pedestrian will do well to provide himself with a light haversack before venturing into these remote regions, and see that it contains some of the white variety of goats' cheese (*gjet ost*), of which it is truly said that 'its staying properties are prodigious, and a chunk in your pocket will outlast four times its weight in the chocolate so much affected by the mountain-climbing fraternity.'

THE TELEMARKEN ROUTE

Until the Bergen-Kristiania Railway was opened, the most popular tourist route across Norway from the West Coast to Kristiania was the famous Telemarken Route, and for travellers who, when they arrive at Stavanger, are in no hurry to reach the capital of Norway, or who prefer to have leisure in which to enjoy glorious wayside scenes and cultivate the acquaintance of the Norwegian peasantry, there is still no more delightful way of crossing the country than by this great overland route. The Norwegian *bonde,* or peasant, does not object to the presence of the tourist who calls to see him for the purpose of learning what the interior of his *vaaningshus* is like and how its inmates 'do things.' As the author of *Home Life in Norway*

VESTFJORD VALLEY, TELEMARKEN

states: ' He is always very pleased to see you, or anybody else, at any time, convenient or otherwise, and his wife will place before you sufficient food and drink to maintain a small family for a week; but her husband will not tell you that he is always very pleased to see you, or that his house, and its larder, are permanently at your disposition. He expects that you will know all this, in reason, and without the telling.' Consequently, ' a good deal of the domestic affairs of the summer peasant may come within the ken of any one who will bear in mind that the entire country from the North Cape to Cape Lindesnes is practically free to all and sundry who have the average endowment of tact. There are no rights of way in Norway in the strict English sense of the term, and woods, plains, mountains, hills, standing lakes and dales are the common property of tramp and tourist alike, provided tilled lands are respected and no fires

lit within, or in the neighbourhood of, sunbaked forests.'

To make the Telemarken journey comfortably requires from two to five, six, or more days, according to the vehicle used or the length of the halts the traveller chooses to make, but the whole of a long holiday may be delightfully spent in loitering at charming places and amid picturesque scenes on the way, or in making interesting excursions from different points on the direct route. Good accommodation is provided at hotels and posting-stations dotted along the route at frequent intervals, but apart from the modern hotels the traveller sees Norway and Norwegian life much as they were before the days of railways. To many tourists bent on enjoying a thorough change of life and scenery, this is the chief attraction of the Telemarken route.

Passengers who cross over from Newcastle to

TUDDAL HÖIFJELDSHOTEL, TELEMARKEN

Norway by one of the cruising steamers have the choice of reaching the road running through the Telemarken by landing at either Stavanger or Odda.

STAVANGER TO RÖLDAL

The steamer reaches Stavanger on the second morning out from Newcastle. Travellers bound for the Telemarken go on board a local steamer to the little port of Sand. This is a delightful voyage through fjords lying between the mainland and outlying islands, and it occupies four or five hours. Some grand and wild rock scenery is enjoyed before the steamer calls at Jelse, a large village with a good harbour. From here the route is up the Sands Fjord, which narrows gradually and is shut in by lofty rocks. A landing is made at Sand, from which the drive to Suldals lake is one of about two and a half hours. The road ascends the picturesque valley of the River Laagen, a favourite resort of English anglers who possess many charming houses here. Several waterfalls are passed, and as the first part of the road is hilly travellers often prefer to walk. From Osen, charmingly situated at the point where the river flows out of Suldals lake, a steamer makes the voyage up the lake to Nesflaten in about two hours. At first the lake is little wider than the river, the southern part being enclosed by high mountains. On the left a bold cliff rises to the height of 330 ft. Then the lake suddenly widens, and a fine view of its windings is obtained from the halting-place at Vaage. Before Nesflaten is reached there are good views of the glaciated promontory of Boshaug and the snowy heights of the Kalle Fjeld.

From Nesflaten to Röldal the road runs up the magnificent gorge of Bratlandsdal, which presents some of the most picturesque scenery in Norway. Until about twenty-five years ago the valley entered through this wonderful gorge was practically impassable, and the road, made high above the deep ravine

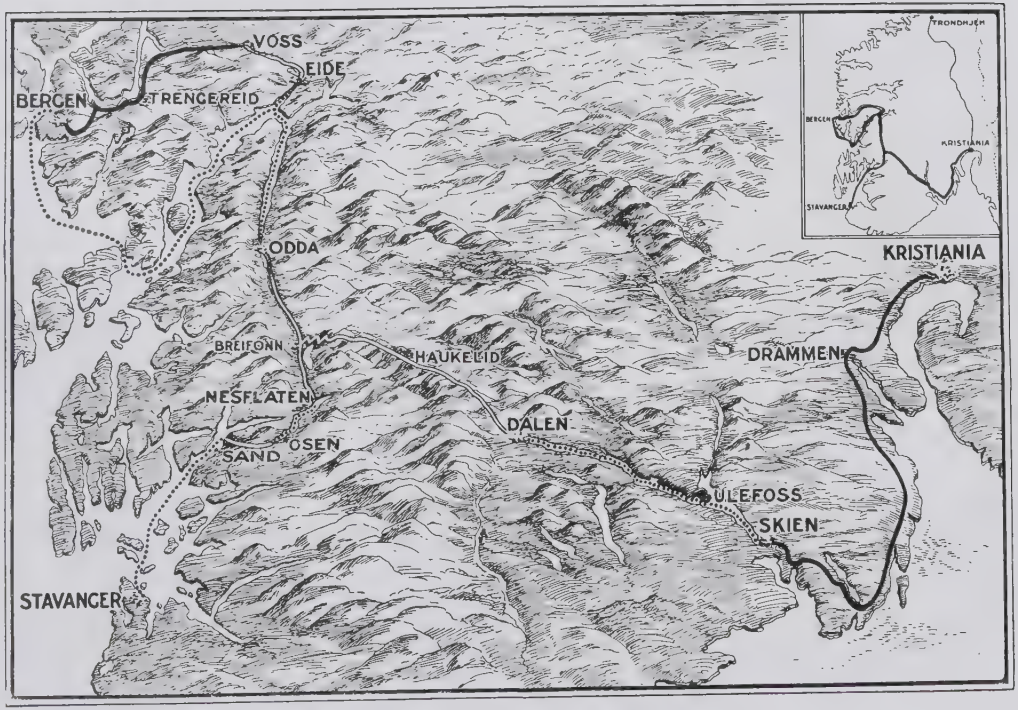
BREIFOND, RÖLDAL

BOTTEN

down which the turbulent river flows, forming many cascades, in places has to pass through tunnels in the rock. On the steep rock walls of the gorge there is little vegetation, but higher up, where the slope is gentler, silvery birches thrive. The grandeur and loveliness of Bratlandsdal are not easily forgotten even by travellers familiar with the most glorious scenery of Norway. On emerging from the valley, the road skirts narrow Lake Lone, passes the village of Botten, and keeps to the shore of pretty mountain-girt Lake Röldal to Breifonn, from where it continues through Telemarken as described in the following section.

FROM ODDA THROUGH THE TELEMARKEN TO KRISTIANIA—THE CROSSING OF THE HAUKELI FJELD

Passengers who commence their overland journey to Kristiania by the Telemarken route on the third



THE TELEMARKEN CROSS-COUNTRY ROUTE

GAUSTA MOUNTAIN TELEMARKEN ROUTE)

day out from Newcastle, leave the steamer at Odda in the Hardanger Fjord and have the choice of travelling by *stolkjaerre,* which means four or five days to Kristiania, or by motor-car, which enables them to complete the journey in about a day and a half. The *stolkjaerre* is the time-honoured Norwegian vehicle, and the traveller who wishes to have leisure to enjoy the scenery will probably prefer it. The hotels and posting-stations along the route are placed where they are for the convenience of the '*stolkjaerring*' traveller. The principal advantage of the automobile is the saving of time. The traveller gets more quickly to the finest scenery and can afford to stay longer at the most interesting points of the journey.

From Odda the road runs past the Sandven lake, the magnificent Laatefoss and the Espelandsfoss (page 23), and, through beautiful wooded scenery, up the glen to Udsigten, where there is a glorious view of the valley from the hotel. Then the road ascends the Seljestad glen, winding amid scenery of indescribable grandeur until, at the summit, 3,393 ft. above the level of the sea, there is a glorious view of the magnificent glacier of the Folgefond. From the summit the road descends in long zigzags through a wild and rugged country, which becomes more beautiful as the fine hotel of Breifonn and hotel Solfonn is approached, standing on the shore of the Röldal lake. Many travellers will wish to stay here, or at the large Röldal Hotel three miles further on, to enjoy the grand views, delightful walks, bracing mountain air, or some excellent trout fishing.

The wonderfully constructed road by which the traveller now crosses the Haukeli Fjeld was completed in 1890, but so enormous is the snowfall that no attempt is made to keep it open in winter, and even in summer snowdrifts have to be passed. From Röldal it ascends, zigzagging as before, until the

watershed is reached at an altitude of 3,706 ft. amid scenery of almost overwhelming grandeur, equalling at the wild pass of Dyrskar that of some of the most famous Alpine passes. This leads to the Government hospice of Haukeli Saeter, a mountain chalet affording excellent accommodation and standing at the end of a lonely mountain lake. From here the road follows a long ridge above the Kjela lake, one of the several

SELJESTAD GLEN

mountain tarns of this high plateau, and at Flaathyl a mountain stream makes several waterfalls. As the road descends from the Haukeli Hotel the vegetation becomes richer and there are picturesque wooded hills around pretty Grungedals lake. In descending to Dalen, mountain streams are crossed, beautiful pine woods passed through, and many grouped or isolated farmhouses are seen on the hillsides. At Dalen, on the shore of the Bandak lake, there is a good modern

hotel, from which travellers may make some interesting excursions, notably to the Ravnegjuv, an overhanging precipice, 900 ft. in depth, at the bottom of which a turbulent river roars. At the top of this height there is so strong an upward draught that it is said that a hat thrown over the edge of the precipice will be blown back again. Travellers, however, are usually advised to be content with trying the experiment with paper or leaves.

BY STEAMER DOWN THE BANDAK CANAL TO SKIEN

The Bandak Canal, sixty-eight miles in length, is constructed by the linking together of a long chain of lakes. This remarkable engineering feat, which was accomplished between 1889 and 1892, at a cost of £170,000, was made the more difficult by there being a difference of 178 ft. in level between the extremities of the canal. This difficulty was overcome by constructing sixteen locks. Channels had to be deepened and waterfalls diverted before the great work could be completed. The steamer voyage down the lakes and channels occupies from eight to eleven hours.

The long, narrow Bandak lake is bordered by wild mountain scenery, and some of the hill-tops and rugged rocks are so curiously shaped as to have been given such names as the 'Monk and Lady' and 'St. Olav's Ship.' From this lake the steamer enters the Kviteseid lake, above which towers the precipitous Broke Fjeld, and then, through a narrow reach under the steep side of the Kollingerne, pretty Lake Flaa, fringed by dark forests. At Strengen there are six locks, and at Vrangfoss a descent of 80 ft. is made by seven locks blasted out of the solid rock. From the lowest of the locks the enormous blocks of grey granite rising above the steamer are most imposing. Beside the locks the river rages deep down in a narrow gorge, and one cannot help admiring the skill and perseverance of the Norwegian engineers who overcame the

VRANGFOSS

great difficulties of constructing this part of the canal. Near the beautiful waterfall of Ulefoss a further descent of 28 ft. is made by means of three locks. The village of Ulefoss is a busy industrial centre, power for its wood-pulp and other factories being derived from the falls without robbing them of their natural beauty.

ULEFOSS TO THE RJUKAN FALLS

At Ulefos choice is afforded of making an excursion by road or steamer up the Lake Nordsjö to Notodden and the Rjukan Falls, or of continuing by steamer down to Skien. Passengers who decide to visit the falls see on their way up the Nordsjö lake what has been called the Norwegian Rhine, the beautiful Sauer river, with small wooded islands. From here the road skirts the Hitterdals lake and passes Notodden, where there are factories brought into existence by Professor Birkeland's wonderful discovery of the means of manufacturing saltpetre from the nitrogen of the air. This discovery has altogether altered the appearance of Notodden. Not many years since there were only a few houses where to-day we find a pretty town of 10,000 inhabitants. Opposite Notodden rises the mountain Helgenotra, with which there is connected a curious legend. A beautiful girl, Helga Tveiten, who lived here, met one day a *trold* disguised as a handsome cavalier. She entered into conversation with the stranger, and walked with him to the mountain-side, where a door opened, through which they disappeared. To rescue the maiden, the church bell was rung. While it was ringing the mountain-side opened and the girl re-appeared and began to make her way home; but when she had nearly reached it the bell-rope broke, and she was drawn back again into the subterranean abode of the *trolds* and never seen again.

A little further on is the Hitterdal *stav-kirke*

the largest of the ancient Norwegian timber-built churches (see page 16). It dates from the thirteenth century and is well worthy of the attention of archæologists interested in Scandinavian ecclesiology. Here we are in the heart of the Telemarken, where many of the inhabitants still wear the old peasant costumes; we may notice their white stockings, green vests, and silver buttons. Further on the landscape is dominated by the Gausta mountain, a magnificent pyramid, over 6,000 ft. in height, in the neighbourhood of which is the Rjukan waterfall. Until a few years ago the Rjukanfoss was considered the finest waterfall in Europe. Situated amid magnificent scenery, and having a sheer fall of several hundred feet into an abyss, it attracted visitors from far and near. Now it has been harnessed to provide power for the manufacture of nitric acid. A romantic story is associated with the falls. Along the face of the precipice was a narrow path called the Mari-sti (Mary's path), by which the beautiful Mary of Vestfjorddalen went to warn her lover, Öystein, of the plotting of a treacherous rival against his life. Mary's tears and prayers persuaded her lover to flee. They remained true to their love, and after many years Öystein returned to claim his bride. In his haste, he took the shortest way along the face of the precipice to where Mary stood awaiting him. She saw him coming, and with a joyful cry called his name. He raised his arms and waved his hand to her as a sign of recognition, but in so doing lost his balance and fell into the foaming depths of the Rjukan. ' For many years after this a pale form in whose beautiful eyes a quiet madness spoke, wandered daily on the Mari-sti and seemed to talk with some one in the abyss below.' This she did until a merciful voice summoned her to joy and rest in the arms of her beloved.

The interest of a visit to the Rjukan has been considerably altered since the industrial developments

took place here, as a great part of the river above the falls now pours through tunnels constructed for the purpose of creating electricity. The electric power station produces 400,000 horse power, and is the greatest of its kind in Europe, and the Mari-sti has become a safe road over which a busy traffic passes. The falls and the station are well worth a visit, and the beautiful Vestfjorddal still retains its ancient charm. Here, in the quiet of summer evenings, the traveller may sometimes hear a peasant performer on the *fele,* the violin of the country, an instrument of which it has been said that ' It is charming to listen to for about the space of twenty minutes on occasions, and amid surroundings that are distinctly of the fjeld and fjord; after which it is apt, of its iterative limits, to pall ' upon the hearer. An old Norwegian lady, on hearing an Englishman attempt to play the *fele,* remarked to him : ' The *fele* is the greatest of all instruments; but, God He knows, one must first learn to play upon it properly !' Hardanger *feles,* as they are usually called, are largely made at Brunkeberg, in Telemarken.

On the return journey, a motor drive may be taken from Notodden to Kongsberg, from whence there is a railway line via Drammen to Kristiania. This drive, through the Hitterdal and much beautiful forest scenery, affords the traveller fine views of the Telemarken mountains. Kongsberg, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, is built on both banks of the Laagen, in the southern part of the Numedal. It owes its existence to the discovery of silver mines in the neighbourhood in 1623, and many tourists passing through the town take the opportunity for visiting the mines, which belong to the State. The mine at Sagrenden is the one usually visited. (Permits can be obtained at the smelting works in the square.) Near the church there is a monument to King Kristian IV. The Mint and the Mineral Collection are also interesting.

BY STEAMER AND RAIL *via* SKIEN TO KRISTIANIA

We now return to Ulefoss, where we emerged from the canal into Lake Nordsjö. From here the steamer's route is down the lake to the entrance to the narrow Löveid Canal, the most noteworthy features of the voyage being the picturesque scenery of the two

SKIEN ON THE TELEMARK OVERLAND ROUTE

islands of Munken, a fine view of the snow-capped Lifjeld (5,087 ft.), and the locks by which the steamer ascends 34 ft. from the lake to the Löveid. From here a visit may be paid to St. Michael's Church, a mountain cavern, 60 ft. deep and 20 ft. broad, which was used as a chapel in pre-Reformation times. Skien, which has a population of 12,000, is celebrated as the birthplace of the great Norwegian dramatist, Henrik

LARVIK

Ibsen, to whose memory a statue has been erected and a park laid out. The town is an important and up-to-date industrial centre owing most of its attractiveness to its charming surroundings.

The railway from Skien runs along the bank of the broad Skiens river (flowing into the Frier Fjord) to Porsgrund, a town chiefly noted for its porcelain and ice-export trade. Then the line crosses a hilly ledge and skirts the charming Farris lake to Larvik, delightfully situated on the Larviks Fjord near the mouth of the well-known salmon river Laagen. The town, which is built in terraces round the head of the fjord, possesses mineral springs of considerable repute; also a *Kurhotel* with baths and medical treatment. Sandefjord, too, is popular as a watering-place owing to its sea-bathing and mineral springs. Tönsberg is one of the oldest towns in Norway, having been founded in the ninth century by Harald

Haafager. It is frequently mentioned in early Norwegian sagas, and was the scene of a battle between Öystein and Magnus, referred to in the *Heimskringla*. In the fourteenth century it possessed ten churches and a fortified castle. From Viking days it has been famous for its seafarers, and now sends out many seal-hunting and whaling ships. From Tönsberg the journey is continued to Holmestrand, a charming seaside place facing a wide part of the Kristiania Fjord, to Drammen (25,500 inhabitants), a flourishing port and industrial centre which annually exports about one-third of Norway's output of timber. The town is sheltered by high hills at the head of the Drammens Fjord. For some miles before reaching the capital of Norway, the line skirts the beautiful Kristiania Fjord, and there is a view of the white castle of Oscar's Hall on the peninsula of Bygdö.

VIEW OVER KRISTIANIA FJORD

SPITZBERGEN CRUISE

WHERE THE GULF STREAM DIES

By Dr. Sigel Roush

American Traveller, Journalist, and Lecturer

Through the incomparable fjords of Norway to the North Cape, then across the silent stretches of the Arctic Ocean to Spitzbergen—that vast ice-encumbered group of eon-old islands lying but a few degrees from the very Pole itself—constitutes a cruise that for uniqueness, interest, and impressive beauty cannot be duplicated elsewhere in the whole world.

Spitzbergen, though territorially half as great as England, is 'No Man's Land.' No nation has ever bothered to claim it, no laws govern it, no people inhabit it. Bleak, ice-bound, and inhospitable, this frozen desert of the Pole has been spurned by all the world, and has remained from the time of its discovery, in 1596, by the Dutch navigator, Willem Barentz, a vast northern wilderness, lost for the most part in the solitudes of the Arctic Ocean.

Around Spitzbergen the Gulf Stream dies—that great artery from the south that carries life and warmth and cheer into the heart of the long winters of so many northern lands. But even in this rigorous clime, though ultimately vanquished by the relentless hosts of the Pole, the Gulf Stream imparts with its last drop of warm blood something of its mild, comforting mission to its deathbed environment, and under the magic of its quickening breath the forces of life

take heart and pathetically attempt a fulfilment of their destiny.

And so one discovers in the sheltered vales of Spitzbergen a group of miniature flower-bearing plants that bravely struggle to hold up their tiny heads in the chilling winds of Boreas. From a distance the bleak hills, mostly snow-covered, would seem to offer nothing whatever of growing vegetation; but in the more protected valleys, where shines the constant light of the unsleeping summer sun, and where the snow entirely disappears in July and August, a great variety

SPITZBERGEN PYRAMID

of Arctic vegetation—mostly of the flowering moss species—springs up to a height of two or three inches, and often puts forth tiny blossoms of exquisite mould and colouring. These bursts of Arctic colour sometimes come into being literally within the sheltering sides of a massive glacier, and reflect in its glassy bosom the red, the yellow, or the blue of the 'Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.' These struggling flowers of the Arctic isles breathe the pathos of the clime, and here, among the glaciers and snow-fields of Spitzbergen, they seem to emphasize and accentuate

YOUNG POLAR BEAR ON SPITZBERGEN

the dreariness and desolation that always dominate the polar latitudes.

No less surprising is the presence of the reindeer on these bleak, unpromising plains. One constantly comes upon the cast-off horns of reindeer in Spitzbergen, and explorers tell us these Arctic animals are found in great numbers in the interior, where they maintain their existence by digging in the snow for the moss and lichens that grow upon the rocks underneath. One would think that such an existence would indeed seem precarious, but from the earliest records of the islands these hardy animals have constantly been mentioned. Several reindeer taken by early explorers were marked by having certain portions of the ear snipped off, which led the hunters to infer that Spitzbergen was in some way connected with the mainland. Besides the reindeer, however, the only other animals found in Spitzbergen are the ice fox and polar bear; and since the latter depend upon seals and fish, and the former upon sea fowl, for their living, their presence here is not so remarkable, for the Arctic

SPITZBERGEN GLACIER

Ocean furnishes marine food of considerable variety and abundance.

At Green Harbour literally thousands of Arctic seagulls filled the bay around the whaling station, and constantly squabbled over the stray pieces of whale meat that found their way into the water. In rowing ashore we were compelled to thrust them aside with our oars like flies from honey. They were absolutely tame, and paid no attention whatever to our presence. And so later we found the seals unafraid as we proceeded north, seldom deigning to flop off the floating ice till our ship was literally upon them. The reason for this lack of fear is easily explained, for throughout the ages these inhabitants of the polar seas have remained undisturbed, and, with but few exceptions, unharmed by man; for human habitation in Spitzbergen has for the most part consisted solely of the summer camp of an occasional hunter, and the winter quarters of the numerous polar expeditions that have selected these islands as a base for their final dash to the Pole. At the present time, however, a coal-mining colony at Advent Bay, and a wireless station in Green Harbour, might be regarded as examples of permanent settlements.

These extensive deposits of coal in Spitzbergen prove a curious geological fact; for, as we know, the origin of coal is vegetable matter, and here, then, at one time these bleak regions must have been covered with rank vegetation. I tried to imagine this barren waste of snow and ice a tropical jungle of luxuriant growth; but the picture seemed preposterous, and I gave it up in despair. And yet these now glacier-filled valleys must in the early ages of the world have been filled with a tropical mass of trees and plants as riotous and dense as ever tangled the trails of the deepest African jungle.

Since the hour we first sighted the crystal snow-capped peaks of Spitzbergen, silhouetted like cathedral

spires against the steely blue sky, our cruise had been a constant panorama of marvellous Arctic scenery. We explored Ice Fjord thoroughly, landing at the whaling station, Advent Bay, and Sassen Bay, where extensive excursions were made on foot over snow-fields and glaciers amid Arctic scenes of wonderful impressiveness. At length we again headed our ship towards the open ocean, and, passing out through the glacier-guarded gates of Ice Fjord, we again shaped our course for the more frigid sections of this group of Arctic isles that lie at the very threshold of the Pole. On our starboard side lay the western coast of Spitzbergen. Here great glaciers, originating high up among the inland peaks, debouch through the valleys and slowly move into the sea. Some of these glaciers have a width of ten miles, and fill the valleys from side to side half-way up the mountain-tops. Where they break off into the sea they often leave a perpendicular wall of ice 600 ft. in height. Here, then, icebergs were to be seen both finished and in the process of making; for the glacier, ever forced downward over the steep shore by a *vis-a-tergo,* finally breaks off by its own weight, when it sinks into the water and floats out to sea—a new-born iceberg. One can imagine

SPITZBERGEN, WELLMAN STATION

what a commotion such a chunk of ice—ten miles long, 600 ft. thick, and half a mile wide—would produce when it breaks away and drops into the sea. Ships caught in the danger zone of such a disturbance are often swamped by the great wave that follows, and many a crew has been swallowed up in the wake of one of these newly-discharged giant icebergs. For this reason we stood well out at sea, though we sailed in our motor-boat under the very shadow of these tremendous overhanging masses of ice. Of course, we took some chances in so doing, though our polar guide usually examined beforehand the base of the moving mass for evidences of the beginning of a separation from the parent glacier.

At the Lewis Meyer glacier in Cross Bay we discovered such a crack about a hundred paces back of the foot of the glacier. It was about a yard wide at the top of the ice, and extended downwards for over a hundred feet. Some time in the near future—it might be a week, perhaps a month—there would be a report like the firing of heavy artillery; a tremendous splash would follow, and another monster iceberg would join its fellows adrift in the open sea.

Standing away from land as we sailed north, we had an excellent opportunity to observe the movement of the sun. For six months here the sun never sets; then it goes down, to remain below the horizon for a similar length of time. Neither does the sun ever appear directly overhead, but sails around the rim of the world once in every twenty-four hours. At midnight it hangs in the north like a lurid torch of Aurora, travelling eastward as the hours go by till, at six o'clock in the morning, it sheds its rays above the eastern horizon. It is now a few degrees higher than it was at midnight, and continues its diurnal journey to the south, where at high noon it stands about 'four hours high' above the sea. This is its highest point in the twenty-four hours. It now glides westward

down a slight incline till, passing the western horizon at 6 p.m., it again takes up its position at midnight in the north. This daily round varies in a spiral manner higher or lower according to the season. To June 21st it climbs upward; after that date it sinks daily a trifle lower. In September, at midnight, it dips below the horizon in the north; then each day it buries itself a little deeper beneath the polar ice, till, in October, it only peeps at noon above the horizon in the south, soon to disappear altogether for the

BEAR ISLAND

long, dismal night. Then again, late in the spring, it lifts up its rays once more within the Arctic circle, after which it whirls itself gradually above the earth's rim till it clears the horizon, there to remain for the long six months' summer day.

And so each day this priestess of the great ice temple of the Pole marches solemnly past many a sacred altar and crystal shrine, now painting the parapets of these soulless heavens with the hallowed glow of Paradise, and again limning the horizon with

the livid tints of perdition itself. As music becomes in turn the message of love, hate, and joy, so the play of colours in these Arctic domains touches the soul with an uncanny power, depressing, exalting, intimidating, and comforting, till, conscious of the unseen influence, yet ignorant of its source, one grows timorous and distraught; and, though fascinated, yet he fears, for here, amid the awe-inspiring atmosphere of the Pole, one reads, as in a vision of celestial colouring, the fearful story of life's mystery, pathos, and tragedy.

And thus each twenty-four hours becomes an arbitrary division of nightless time; but with each diurnal sweep of the sun new manifestations attended our cruise northward, which, vouchsafed to us upon the vast solitude of the trackless main, never failed to prove most marvellous, most impressive, and most inspiring.

It was August 16th when we reached the latitude of Virgo Bay. This protected body of water opens up directly from the north, and extends for a considerable distance in a southerly direction towards the heart of Spitzbergen. Virgo Bay was selected as the base of Walter Wellman's balloon expedition, and the iron frame-work of his hangar still stands here as a reminder of that unsuccessful polar venture. Not far away is Dane's Island, another locality connected with an ill-fated aerial attempt to reach the Pole, for it was from Dane's Island that the intrepid Andrée, with his two mechanicians, arose in a dirigible balloon and sailed away to the north, never again to return. No trace of Andrée has ever been discovered. He was literally swallowed up in the cruel maw of the north, never again to be heard of.

From the latitude of Virgo Bay we now headed directly north, leaving Spitzbergen—that portion, at least, of its northern coast that is free from the polar ice—to fall away behind our taffrail and remain as a shadowy outline far to the south. The sense of isola-

B. & N. CRUISING STEAMERS AT SPITZBERGEN

tion became more and more pronounced the farther we proceeded on our course. Land, even though in the form of Spitzbergen's polar rocks, holds for us a certain tie to civilization; but now even that one connecting link to our familiar world seemed fast slipping away. The seals—those mild-eyed, sleek, tame animals of the Arctic which we had encountered in great numbers on the pack ice of Bell Sound—now disappeared from these frozen stretches, and nothing but the silent sun, whose beams seemed shafts of sadness, brooded over the melancholy wastes. Often, in an unfamiliar clime, where the spirit of loneliness obsessed me, I could go forth at night and seek in the stars some familiar constellation. In this manner I have greeted the Dipper, Cassiopea, and even Job's Coffin, with a joy born of a growing sense of home-sickness, and have held silent converse with them, and given them messages to deliver to those loved ones who might at the time be standing beneath their starry eyes. It was a source of comfort and consolation to thus greet the familiar constellations under which one came into the world, and to which his wondering child-hood eyes were first lifted in a vain attempt to solve their hidden mysteries. But here, beyond the eightieth

degree north latitude, in the season of continuous day, the sight of the stars was denied, and, whether he would or not, the sense of loneliness and desolation continually dominated every moment of his waking hours. And yet, as in some overwhelming grief, there were moments of a sort of spiritual exaltation that carried one into a psychic state that spoke of fields of Elysium. It was almost possible in this condition of polar hypnotism to separate one's individuality from all things earthly, and from a distant and impersonal view-point to contemplate one's polarized 'double' and 'see ourselves as others see us.' Indeed, these mental phenomena induced by the influence of these high polar latitudes become prominent factors of a polar cruise, and remain in the memory as curious legacies etched deep into the soul by the cruel beauty and pitiless charm of the kingdom of Aegir and Ran.

In my efforts to conciliate the vagaries of that modern American malady termed in the Teutonic tongue 'Wanderlust,' I have visited practically every section of both hemispheres of the globe. I have travelled under the equatorial sun, and watched with awe and reverence the orb of day sink below the topaz haze of the Sahara. I have journeyed by Tamil and Tonga into the secret recesses of Hindustan, where Kali still demands her libations of human blood. I have trod the ancient roads of China, and mingled with many a festive throng in the very heart of old Nippon. I have sailed among the islands of the Pacific, where even the loin-cloth is unknown, and have partaken of raw fish and fruits where other food was not available. In short, I have had more than the average experience in wandering to and fro over this marvellous world of ours, and without prejudice or partiality, I am fully convinced that neither the luxuriant beauty of the tropics, the solemn awe of the desert, the majesty of the Himalayas, the poetry of

the Southern Cross, nor the Orient's sense of teeming life, is capable of producing those weird and oft-times terrorizing impressions that here, amid the tremendous polar plains and vast ice-fields of the Arctic, one is powerless to escape.

Meanwhile our good ship had entered the zone of dangerous ice, and now the Norsk ice pilot never left the bridge. Direct from the polar pack these great mile-wide sheets of ice now made their appearance on the horizon. In a few hours we stood on the firing line of the northern hosts. Slackening our speed,

SPITZBERGEN, CROSS BAY

and sparring for an entrance, the signal was finally given to go ahead again, and we shaped our course for an opening on our starboard quarter. Here we made our way through a tortuous channel for several miles into the floe. Finally, running into solid ice, we turned, and after sailing for a dozen miles to westward, we began navigating another lead. Here we fought our way mile after mile to the north, now pushing at a movable cake of ice to gain a channel,

now giving a wide berth to a threatening field that was crunching like an angry leviathan down upon our course, but all the while working ever slowly but surely to the solid polar pack.

These were exciting moments, and many an anxious glance was cast in the direction of our companion ship to the rear. But onward we ploughed our way, the funnel belching forth a cloud of black smoke that indicated the engines were yielding the full complement of their capacity. The water in the open channels was of the colour of green glass slag, and reflected in its icy bosom the pale blue of the sky above. Not a breath of wind was astir—only the crunching, grinding sound of the polar ice, distraught and carried along by unseen currents, disturbed the awful solemnity of the scene.

We scarcely took time to eat or sleep, for this was the goal for which we had been striving. Wrapped in furs and heavy robes, we spent most of the time on deck. Every one was busy with his own novel experiences, and but little conversation occurred. The artist vainly endeavoured to catch the elusive atmosphere of the novel realm, but each time the mixed pigments were cast aside as mere travesties on the indescribable northern colours. The steely blue of the sky, the deep opalescent green of the waters, the lambent amber glow of the horizon, and over all the subtlety of this polar silence, proved alike the bane of the author and the artist's despair.

As far as the eye could reach the silent sea was covered with great sheets of polar ice. A boat was lowered, and we rowed about among the massive white pads, often stepping aboard the floating fields and walking across them—a distance sometimes of more than half a mile. Though slowly still surely the floe was constantly moving, now forming a new lead, now closing upon an old one. The ice pilot, therefore, was under the necessity of keeping a bright look-out for

the mood of the ice; for, should our line of retreat be haplessly cut off, we would be compelled to make our way over the treacherous field to our ship.

It was twelve o'clock, midnight, when we reached the highest point north. The Pole lay less than ten degrees from the prow of our ship. We had worked our way patiently and slowly among the channels and leads till our staunch craft had literally poked her nose against the eternal solid ice of the polar pack. Further progress by ship was impossible, and the further 'dash to the Pole' would have required the use of dogs, sledges, and other polar paraphernalia. Furthermore, it would have necessitated wintering here in order to take advantage of an early start in the following spring.

These last ten degrees constitute the hardest stage of a polar expedition. The ice is full of dangerous crevasses, and over this vast frozen solitude the wind and snow sometimes blow at a terrific rate.

As semi-professional polar explorers, we had reached our limit of northern latitude, and as I stood on the ragged edge of the ice and gazed into this dreary polar continent, with its secret of Andrée's fate and its tragedies of the past, I envied not the glory of him who had braved its dangers and still lived to tell the tale. It must indeed be a well-balanced mind to withstand the maddening effects of this eternal solitude; it must be an intrepid character to essay the task of reaching latitude 90 degrees north.

While thus busied with our strange and new emotions the ship's gun boomed forth a signal to retreat. It was a supreme moment. The sun burned like pale Greek fire far over the ice pack of the Pole. A channel of bottle green water reflected the midnight rays in a long, narrow path of lambent light. Again the brass cannon spoke in tremendous tones and the sound was hurled to the distant glaciers of Spitzbergen, there to reverberate far over the polar waste. The

echo came back in an uncanny moan, finally to sob itself into silence as it again travelled towards the Pole. Then another shot is fired, and still another. The tremendous crash among the ice is deafening. The solitude reels and totters to the volume of sound. An avalanche is loosened among the distant peaks of Spitzbergen and adds its cannon-like crash to the widening echoes. With our nerves strained to the breaking-point we grow uneasy and distraught with perturbing emotions. It is a lump in the throat, a tug at the heart, a heavy sigh, and one knows not whether to cry out in pain or shout for very joy. Again the gun roars out a parting shot, and instantly a long line of colour breaks forth from the ship's mast, and each of us discovers in the streaming ensigns his own national emblem, and with one accord we join in a great huzza. Our overwrought nerves have finally found an excuse to relax their tension, and we wave our caps and shout and dance like beings possessed. And just as the last wraith of sound dies away over the sea of ice our helm is ported, the ship swings around, and we begin our return journey back to the south, to civilization and to life.

NORWAY AS CENTRE FOR SNOW SPORTS

SKATING COMPETITION AT TRONDHJEM

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

THE natural configuration of Norway renders it eminently suitable for the cultivation of Winter Sport. In Norway ski-ing is sometimes something more than a sport, for in a country where the snow lies throughout six months of the year, some such form of locomotion must be resorted to. To the Englishman, however, who visits Norway in the winter the chief appeal of ski-ing is the amount of pleasure he can derive from the sport. While skating, curling, and tobogganing have their own peculiar attractions, their devotees are limited to a certain prescribed field, but the skier is as free as the mountains themselves. He can climb high and heavenwards, see new horizons spread out before him, and look upon more distant peaks that rear their august heads, dyed it may be in the rays of the rising or setting sun, for the skier is abroad at all hours. His lodging is often a hut among the mountains, from which he penetrates into

new valleys and experiences the surprise and exhilaration of adventure.

Ladies are no less enthusiastic in their pursuit of this sport than men. Not a few of them are to be seen in male attire, having learned by experience that it is impossible to taste the joys of ski-running without being prepared for the conditions peculiar to this sport. For the uninitiated must understand that the

SKI-ING IN THE NORDMARK

ski-runner spends her time climbing up steep slopes of snow in order that she may fly down them later, sometimes with the grace and agility of a swallow and sometimes with the irregular gait born of a suspicion that a fall is imminent, and no one can fall so ungracefully as a learner in this not difficult art. The falls themselves are to be numbered among the joys of the sport, as the snow provides a very soft carpet for the novice to lie down on, and it is possible to tumble about all day with little or no discomfort.

To enjoy a Winter in Norway, however, it is not necessary to go in for sport. It is not only a land of mountain and field. It has its quiet forest walks for those who may be disinclined for anything save a restful and healthy change from the conventionalities of a Winter at home.

NORWAY IN WINTER

Mr. Harold Spender, *who visited Norway for a Winter Holiday, writes:—*

Switzerland is not the only land of Winter Sports. There is a country here in the North of Europe which is nearer to us than Switzerland, and closer to us by many ties of memory and kinship. Many of us know Norway well in the Summer, when the generous sun pours its light over Southern and Central Norway for nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four. But

A NORWAY WINTER SCENE

of the Norwegian Winter we think badly. It stands to us as a time of darkness and gloom, only to be lived through as a period of waiting for the glowing Sprng and Summer.

I had often heard otherwise from men bold enough to fare northward in Winter-time. I had heard of gleaming snows and silver moonshine. So being a little weary of the Swiss fancy-ball season, I determined to try my luck.

So see us journeying to Newcastle, and thence faring across the North Sea, and arriving at the town of Bergen, a great community, tucked away at the end of one of its lovely winding waterways.

It is snowing to-night, and the streets are all white. The little boys are snowballing one another. The men wear their fur caps, and the Norwegian girls, with their fresh rosy cheeks, look pretty enough in their fur cloaks and muffs. Bergen is an up-to-date progressive little township, full of affairs and business, with crowds in its streets and electric trams on its roads—with splendid shops and fine public buildings. And yet, somehow or other, in its semi-Arctic darkness, and clad in its white vesture, it looks like a daring defiance of nature.

To-morrow to Finse, where the snow lies deep, and all men go on skis—aye, and the women also.

At Finse we are on the roof of Norway. Yet we are living a life of simple comfort, well lighted and well heated in our two-storied wooden hotel, and enjoying the most pleasant companionship. The very snowdrifts that bank up our walls really seem quite friendly and cosy neighbours.

To-day the thermometer showed 23 degrees of frost. But from ten o'clock until two a glowing sun—travelling low along the southern horizon—poured its rays from a blue sky over the spotless snowfields that surround us; and for those few hours life seemed far warmer and more genial than in London.

SUMMER SKI-ING ON THE HARDANGER GLACIER AT FINSE

SKI-KJÖRING WITH REINDEER AT FINSE

We are far above all vegetation and all animal life. Standing to-day on the top of one of the hills that look down on this place—which is just an hotel and nothing more—I could see neither beast nor bird, nor hear any single sound break the utter stillness of the white world around me. The waterfalls are frozen. The wind is—for the moment—still. In the utter silence of that hillside the swish of my skis through the fresh snow behind me sounded like a roar. Is there any silence in the world like this?

The only industry here, apart from the railway, is ski-running. Everybody goes on skis, if only for the reason that without skis you cannot go at all. Walk out from your hotel in your boots and in a few seconds you will be floundering up to your waist in very deep soft snow—for the snow here is very, very deep and soft. Go on skis, and you can pass anywhere. So true is it that the ski is the 'boat' of the snow-world.

You can ski-run on the 'nursery'—slopes in front of the hotel, varying from a mild incline to sharp steepness—or you can ski-run over the mountains. That is the real delight. All round here are delightful

mountain ski excursions, short and long, but generally occupying the four or five hours of Norwegian Winter light. These excursions are free from the great danger that threatens all ski-runners in Switzerland—the danger of avalanches. Frost-bite is never to be defied with such a temperature; but it is certainly not so serious as avalanches.

But what of darkness? How do we fill the time? It is a fair question, especially as we do not possess that great social machinery of enjoyment which has been invented for Winter in Switzerland But the

TOBOGGANING DOWN THE CORKSCREW RUN, KRISTIANIA

answer is simple—we possess here what no Swiss resort possesses, a covered and lighted skating-rink. Electric light in abundance can be obtained from the marvellous railway which defies the snows and runs across the mountains from Christiania to Bergen. Then the mighty wooden shed which covers the rink enables the hotel people to keep the ice always free

from snow, and then by daily flooding to produce an always perfect surface. What more could the best skaters want?

Finse is the paradise of the ski-man. Day after day we go far up over the snows, climbing laboriously for hours, and then we turn, and almost in as many minutes the good ski-runners are down again by the hotel. Beautiful long slopes, never precipitous, lead you down from the heights to the centre of the valley, where the high mountain-railway passes on its way from Bergen to Christiania.

All the Norwegian visitors of sound limb, both men and women, go easily and swiftly on skis. They leave you politely behind, far back on the mountain, passing on with incredible swiftness and sureness to their goal. We hear in England of the ski mainly as a jumping sport, but that is to my mind far less fascinating than this use of the ski as a touring and mountaineering friend and helper. It is as swift as flying for these people, and it has the immense advantage of keeping you on the earth. If you fall, you do not perish, but tumble innocuously in soft snow, and live to rise, a wiser if not a sadder man. Then, as you go on, you fall less often, and begin to face slopes which at first appalled you. No Englishman, unless he settles in Norway, can ski like the Norwegians. But he can learn to derive from it an immense new joy in life.

MOUNTAIN AND FOREST SKI-RUNNING

In Norway ski-ing is divided into two classes—that to be obtained in high mountains above the tree-line, for which it is necessary to stay in one of the hotels specially built for tourists; and forest ski-ing, which may, in suitable weather, be enjoyed from almost any town or village in the country, except on the west coast. The protagonists of these two forms will probably never agree as to the respective

merits of their favourites; roughly it may be said that foreigners prefer the open ski-ing, and Norwegians like the forests, to which in most cases they are from necessity confined.

ON THE MOUNTAINS

Mountain ski-ing in Norway differs in certain respects from that in Switzerland. The hills are as a rule far less steep, and avalanches are practically unknown. As a consequence the expert Norwegian rarely takes a hill on the slant; he goes straight down, often with one hand in his trouser pocket, and stands firm as a rock at the most prodigious speeds. In many parts of the country the mountains are constantly swept by wind, which makes the snow almost as hard as stone and marked with waves like the sand of the seashore.

AT HOLMENKOLLEN

THROUGH THE FORESTS

But when one writes of ski-ing in Norway, it is the purely Norwegian aspect of the sport which is of the most interest. Mountain ski-ing is, with the minor variations due to local conditions, the same the world over; forest ski-ing is essentially the pastime of Norway.

The course of the fifty kilometres race, which takes place annually before the great jumping competition at Holmenkollen, is laid right through the great forest of Nordmarken, and is covered by many of the competitors in about four hours and a quarter—not bad going for thirty-one miles up hill, down dale, and across lakes, with the finish no lower than the start. The track to be followed is marked by little red streamers hung to the trees at intervals. It is laid by officials of the ski club, who delight in choosing the most difficult way they can find, and the actual tracks of whose skis constitute the course.

THE SKI HUTS

Far the pleasantest way of enjoying the forest on ski is to stay for a few nights in a ski hut. Perched on a bank with a south aspect, and usually overlooking a lake or small tarn, these huts are to be seen in the most hidden recesses of Nordmarken. They are usually empty during the week, as they mostly belong to small clubs or to busy men who only have time to visit them during week-ends. On Saturday afternoon many a veteran may be seen stealing steadily through the woods, his back bending under a portentous knapsack. He is off to his hut, perhaps ten or fifteen miles away, with provisions for a convivial two days with a party of friends.

These huts are all built on the same plan, which is that of an old-fashioned Norwegian farm: of heavy timber with one large room reaching to the roof, warmed by a huge open fire of logs, which roars up

a brick chimney built out into the room. Besides this living room, there is a kitchen and one or more bedrooms. A long run in the woods seems to have an additional charm when you start from and return to such a hut. As you breakfast you see the half light of the morning turn gradually to glittering day; for dawn comes at no inconvenient hour in these latitudes in Winter. When you return weary at evening, the light of the log fire flickering at the windows winks a cheerier welcome than you can find in a huge hotel; at night the silence of the snow-clad forest wraps you round, and you sleep the sounder.

WEATHER

To enjoy Winter Sports and Pastimes in any country the weather must be relied upon. In Norway it is reasonable to say that from the middle of January onwards, the snow weather is reliable for six and eight weeks together.

WHEN TO GO TO NORWAY FOR WINTER SPORTS

From the third week in January until the end of April, or until the end of June in the case of the altitude resorts on the Bergen-Kristiania Railway, which reaches 4,000 ft. above sea level.

WINTER SPORTS RESORTS

Trondhjem, Graakal Hill; Fefor, in Gudbrandsdalen Valley; Tonsaasen, Breidablik, and Heggenes, in Valdres Valley; Gjeilo, Haugastöl, Finse, Myrdal (Vatnahalsen), altitude resorts on the Kristiania to Bergen Railway; Voksenkollen and suburbs of Kristiania; Konnerudkollen, Bolkesjö, and Hönefoss are a few that may be mentioned.

The hotels at these resorts are described more fully in the special Winter Sports booklet issued each season gratis upon application.

Some Observations on the HYGIENIC SIGNIFICANCE of the NORWEGIAN WINTER CLIMATE

By Dr. H. F. HÖST,

Secretary of the Norwegian Health Resort Association

By reason of its beautiful scenery, Norway has long been a much-visited tourist country, but it is only within comparatively recent years that people have begun to understand that besides its superb scenery Norway also possesses an unusually pleasant and healthy climate.

As is well known Norway is a country of great extent—about 322,000 square kilometres in area—stretching over no less than 13 degrees of latitude (from 58°—71°). The various parts of the kingdom, therefore, exhibit a great variety of physical features and climatic conditions. Nevertheless, the whole land has one common feature, viz., a relatively high average temperature. At first glance the northerly situation of the country would lead us to suppose that the Norwegian climate generally corresponded with that of Greenland and Siberia, both of these countries being situated between approximately the same lines of latitude. This is, however, not the case, for, thanks to the warm currents that flow along her coasts all the year, the country in reality possesses a climate that corresponds to a much more southerly latitude. As an example of this we may mention the fact that the city of Kristiania, which lies on the same line of latitude as the most southern part of Greenland, is occasionally the *hottest* town in Europe (33·9° C.), and that in the most northerly part of Norway—at

Varanger Fjord, latitude 70°—a temperature of no less than 35° C. in the shade has been registered. The average temperature in Winter is comparatively

SKI-JUMPER IN FLIGHT

higher still, being 8°—25° C. above the average temperature for the whole world at the same latitude.

From a hygienic point of view Norway thus possesses undoubted advantages in having at one and the same time a markedly northern situation, and

COMPETITOR IN LONG-DISTANCE RACE PASSING FROGNERSÆTEREN

warm currents on its coasts that prevent the formation of vast tracts of ice as in Greenland and Siberia, and which moreover produce such a climate that, for instance, at the present time *tobacco* is actually grown with success in several parts of the country.

Side by side with the warm ocean currents, the topographical and meteorological conditions of Norway have the greatest significance in a hygienic respect. Whilst the westerly parts of the country —and to some extent the northerly districts—are distinguished by striking and often wild natural beauty, the extensive eastern and southern parts of the kingdom consist of great plateaux that gradually diminish in height, until we reach the forest-clad hills and broad sheltered valleys of the east and south-east, where we find the climate of such unusual excellence.

The Norwegian highlands, that consist in general of vast plateaux—somewhat similar to the Scotch moors—the height of which varies from 2,000 ft. to 4,000 ft., in the southern central portions of the

country, are remarkable for their clear, sparkling, and dry atmosphere, a relatively low temperature in the shade, and great solar heat, all of which qualities have a stimulating and bracing effect upon the human body.

The lower lying valleys do not possess the stimulating qualities of the mountain districts, but, on the other hand, they have a milder and more genial atmosphere that is fragrant with the perfume of the vast forests of pine and fir.

In Winter many of the characteristics of the Norwegian climate that are of importance from a hygienic point of view are even more prominent than in Summer. The masses of snow which cover the surface of the ground during this season quite prevent all contamination of the air by dust, whilst at the same time the air is generally very dry and calm. In addition we have the low but pleasant and bracing Winter temperature, and, finally, the intense sun-

A KRISTIANIA SWING

shine, which is partly due to the very slight absorption of the sun's rays in the dry and pure air, and partly by the highly reflexive powers of ice and snow. The importance of the sun for the human body has long been proved by experience, but, as may be known, 'sun treatment' has of late years been methodically employed for a number of complaints—particularly tuberculosis—with splendid results. During the

A SKI JUMP

Winter season in Norway there are excellent opportunities for enjoying the beneficial action of the sun's rays. It is impossible for any one who has not actually witnessed the scene to imagine the glorious sea of light that floods the Norwegian highlands in February and March.

Another advantage of Norwegian natural features is the admirable opportunities afforded for all kinds of Winter Sports—skating, ski-running, and bob-

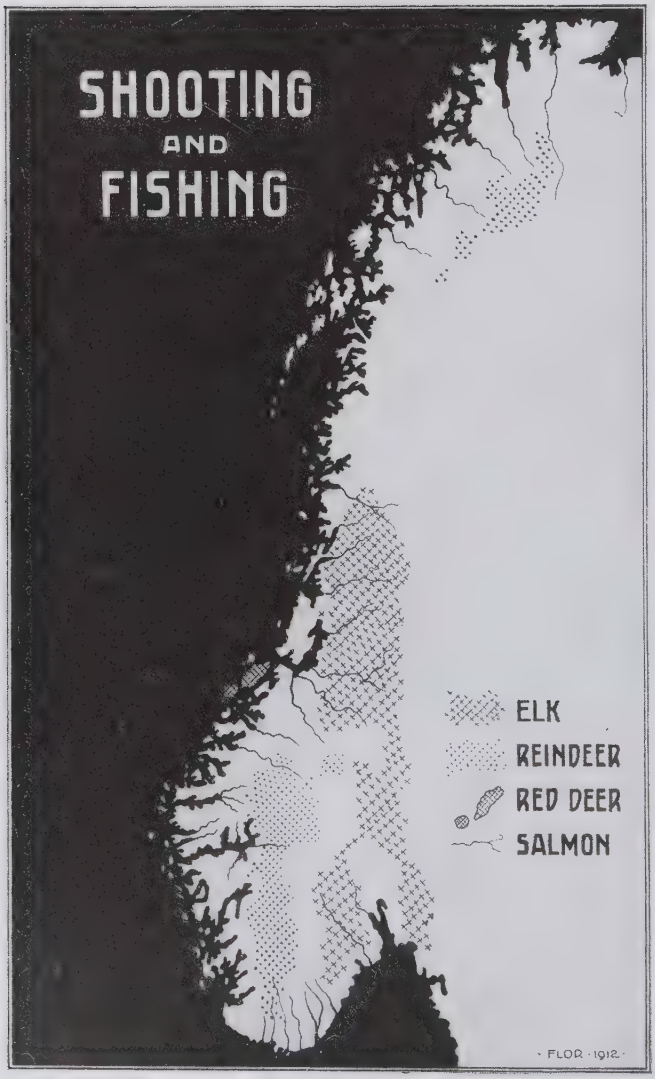
sleighing—for we must not forget the great importance of outdoor exercise, especially in pure air, for convalescents and persons easily fatigued. Of the three forms of Winter Sports mentioned above, ski-running has become most popular, having triumphed throughout Europe. Yet it should not be forgotten that there is no place offering such ideal conditions for ski-running as Norway, the home of this sport.

It is not difficult to master one's skis sufficiently to be able to enjoy the sport, and, even if one be entirely ignorant of this ancient mode of progression, there is ample opportunity for the visitor to study and practise in ideal surroundings.

We trust that these few remarks will show the reader that the Norwegian climate—particularly in Winter—possesses marked hygienic qualities, that give all the conditions for beneficial action on the human body, especially when rest and recreation are needed, or when the system is enfeebled by minor complaints, as, for instance, anæmia, nervousness, digestive disorders, etc.

The significance of the Norwegian climate for the health was long since fully recognized by a few. Thus the late Professor Lochmann—one of the most eminent medical men in Norway—some years ago stated that Norway deserved to be called

'THE HEALTH RESORT OF EUROPE.'



NORWAY AS SPORTING GROUND

A NORWAY YACHTING STATION

SPORT IN NORWAY

'For all true sportsmen and lovers of wild and varied sport with rod, gun, and rifle, the rivers, lakes, and streams, the forests and mountain ranges of Scandinavia will always constitute an irresistible, lasting, and fruitful attraction.'

These words, written by that well-known and ardent sportsman, the late Sir Henry Seton-Karr, will be re-echoed by every one who has had experience of sport in Norway, and their truth is confirmed by innumerable writers on the subject of sport in that wild and beautiful land lying only about a day's sea voyage from the English coast. For many years Norway has been visited every year by many British and Continental sportsmen, mainly on account of its unequalled salmon

fishing and the fact that there roams in its forests and over its birch-clad fjelds good numbers of elk—the largest game in Europe—and larger numbers of wild reindeer that provide excellent hunting and stalking. In recent years, owing to increased facilities of access to almost every part of the country, Norwegian sport has become more popular than ever, and undoubtedly there are many sportsmen who would gladly have a share in it if they were not prevented from doing so by exaggerated statements regarding its expensiveness.

Undoubtedly considerable sums can be, and are, spent in obtaining good salmon fishing and elk, reindeer, stag, and ryper shooting in Norway, and not a few beats and grounds are inaccessible to the newcomer in consequence of their being leased for long periods or let at high rents; but inquiry at the office of one or another of the British or Norwegian agents would satisfy most applicants that both fishing and shooting are to be had on reasonable terms. Moreover, the growing popularity of salmon fishing is resulting in an increasing number of hotel proprietors leasing rivers or beats for the benefit of their guests, who may enjoy fishing either free or at a very low cost. Plenty of excellent trout fishing is to be had free or can be hired for the season very cheaply. Ryper shooting is not nearly so costly as it is often imagined to be, and the benefits derived from breathing the fresh, pure, and bracing air of the high fjelds are worth far more than the price paid for it.

SPORT UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

In fact, sport in Norway is enjoyed under ideal conditions. The magnificent and often majestic scenery of the mountains and the exquisite loveliness of the dales down which the rivers rush to the sea yearly attract thousands of tourists from all parts of the world to the land of the Midnight Sun; but it is

the sportsman who, with a trusty dog, tramps over the fjelds and through the forests, and the fisherman whose days are spent beside his favourite stream who are able to appreciate fully the grandeur and beauty of Norway, for they see it under various aspects and are in no haste to travel from one district to another.

SALMON FISHING

Probably it is no exaggeration to say that Norway as a resort of British sportsmen was first discovered by salmon fishermen who visited the country more than seventy years ago. In those days the facilities for reaching Norwegian ports from England were very far from being so excellent and convenient as they are now, but the opportunities for obtaining free fishing in the innumerable rivers flowing down from the mountains and fjelds of Norway into the North Sea and Atlantic Ocean were such as salmon fishers are never likely to find again. The Norwegians were not slow to recognize that the rapidly increasing popularity of their beautiful country among British and Continental sportsmen could be turned to profitable account, and it was not long before late-comers on the scene discovered that most of the best salmon fisheries were leased and free fishing was yearly becoming harder to obtain. Such fine sport as Norway affords, however, is well worth paying for, and in recent years the number of anglers who have visited the country has increased rather than diminished. Instead of confining themselves chiefly to the southern rivers—as did most of the pioneer fishermen—they are now found fishing such remote waters as the rivers flowing northward into the Arctic Ocean, where, as the late Sir H. Seton-Karr has said, 'in good seasons, the bag of rod-caught salmon is recorded not in hundredweights, but tons.'

Probably no visitors to Norway are more popular there than 'de engelske sportsfiskere'—the English

salmon fishers. It was they who discovered Norway as a holiday ground. Coming from lands with advanced culture, quickening of thought and progress followed in their train, and the ancient Norwegian peasant culture received new impulses, which have brought nothing but good to Norway.

It is not too much to say that the relations between these visitors and their Norwegian hosts are almost of an affectionate character. At the salmon rivers, their yearly coming is looked forward to as the event of the year. They return, in many cases, year after year, first for the salmon fishing, many of them remaining over for the grouse shooting. The connexion is handed down from generation to generation, the son succeeding the father. It is thus no wonder that the sportsmen feel themselves bound to the country by tender ties. One noble duke may be mentioned who returns yearly to fish the rivers which his father and grandfather before him fished during

SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY

their lifetime, travelling, for that purpose, to the districts bounded by the Arctic Sea.

Why the NORWEGIAN RIVERS should have become world-famous for their salmon fishing is easily understood by any one familiar with the natural conformation and the climatic conditions of the country. They are fed by the waters descending from melting snow fields and eternal glaciers, and as the snow-fall on the Scandinavian fjelds and mountains is considerable, and fairly constant, the salmon always find plenty of water in the rivers when they ascend them to spawn. For climatic reasons the 'run' is mainly during June and July, and, consequently, fishing during these months is more expensive than it is later in the summer, when, however, good sport is often obtained in wet seasons, for in some of the southern rivers the 'run' is as late as September. Up to the present, autumn fishing has not been given the attention it deserves, considering that some rivers are specially suited for this part of the season and there are many anglings on well-known rivers that may yield good sport. Autumn fishings are generally to be had at moderate rents, and ought to be considered by anglers who do not care to pay the rent of a June-July fishing.

The EARLIEST RIVERS are those in the extreme south, from Kristiania to Bergen. Several of these may be profitably fished early in May. After the end of that month good sport may be expected in what is known as the Bergen-Namsos district, i.e. the many rivers, with a few well-known exceptions, which flow into the Atlantic Ocean between the picturesque old Hanseatic town of Bergen and Namsos, a small but much visited town situated about sixty miles north of Trondhjem, at the mouth of one of the most famous salmon rivers in Europe. Further north there are several well-known streams, notably the Pasvik,

MOUTH OF THE SALMON RIVER, OKLA (TRONDHJEM DISTRICT)

Tana, Alten, Lyngen, and Risen. These are seldom in ply before the end of June.

The following notes on some of the principal Norwegian salmon rivers (from North to South) may be useful :—

Namsen.—One of the largest rivers in Norway and entirely snow-fed. Regularly produces a good yield of fish, occasionally a fifty-pounder. The salmon run up to a point about fifty miles above the town of Namsos. Excellent accommodation in houses in the dale.

Stjördal.—Enters Trondhjem Fjord. The beats are easily accessible by rail from Trondhjem, and there is good accommodation at farm-houses. Salmon, grilse, and sea-trout.

Orkla.—This river flows into an arm of the Trondhjem Fjord, and its beats are made easily

accessible from Trondhjem by the Thamshavn and Lökken electric railway. Fishing must be done from a boat, and is almost entirely fly-fishing. Best months are June and July, but fish are often taken during the last week in May, and the August sport is usually good. Orkla salmon, writes Sir H. Seton-Karr, played 'stronger and faster than any salmon I have elsewhere killed.'

Gula.—Flows into the Trondhjem Fjord a little way east of the Orkla. The Kristiania-Trondhjem Railway passes through its valley, and the embankments have formed many fine stretches of angling water in addition to the natural pools. The angling is chiefly from boat. Owing to its nearness to Trondhjem, the river is a favourite with autumn anglers. In September it contains many fine fairly fresh-run salmon. 'The bed of the Gula is richly strewn with rough cobbles and shingle, huge boulders and rugged rocks of the kind beloved by salmon.' Good accommodation at farm-houses in the valley.

Sundal.—Flows west into the Sundal Fjord, south-east of Kristiansund. Generally provides some good heavy fish.

Aaro.—Near Molde. Yields an average weight per fish of 25 lb. Is fished from the bank or from platforms.

Gaula.—Fed by the Jostedal Glacier.

Undal.—South Norway, ten miles from Mandal. One of the earliest fishing rivers.

Mandal.—Near Kristiansand. Several good beats; also trout and char fishing. In a normal season the lakes from which the river flows keep it at a good fishing level.

Of fly-fishing in Norway a well-known sportsman writes: 'May I, in consequence of the experience of many anglers during the past (1913) season, take this opportunity for entering a plea for

the greater reliance on fly in preference to the incessant use of spinning bait or prawn. . . . I feel convinced that the increasing use of sunk baits is causing serious detriment to many rivers, both in Norway and in this country. Of those which are essentially fly-fishing rivers, such as the Aaro, the Förde, the Etne, and several others, the time may have come to prohibit the use of any lure except the fly, at all events during June and July, and, perhaps, the back end of the season. Old records show that twenty or thirty years ago no other lure but the fly was used, and with better results than are now obtained from all the "baits" combined. "Rather one fish to my fly than a dozen to any other lure" should be the angler's motto in Norway. It is true that the Dee in Scotland and the Wye in England are prawned, but it should be remembered that the Norwegian salmon is far more of a free-taker than his British brother. No doubt there are certain places, such as

SEAL HUNTING

the Pasvik, Tana, and one or two beats of the Namsen where it would be idle to go fly-fishing, and spinning must be resorted to, but in ordinary river fishing, I reiterate, the fly is "the thing."'

Every angler has his own idea as to the best flies for different waters and seasons, and these ideas differ widely. For the information of anglers who have not yet tried their luck in Norway, we give a list of the flies chiefly used on Norwegian rivers in the order of their popularity.

Jock Scott.	Silver Grey.
Durham Ranger.	Dusty Miller.
Silver Doctor.	Popham.
Black Doctor.	Namsen.
Blue Doctor.	Gordon.
Thunder and Lightning.	Benchill.
Butcher.	Wilkinson.

Black Ranger.

The Salmon, Grilse, and Sea Trout Rod Angling Season in Norway begins on April 14th and extends to September 14th, except in the case of the Namsen River, where the season closes on September 7th, the Sand River, which is open to October 15th, and a few rivers and beats where the time is extended about a week or a fortnight.

The cost of salmon fishing in Norway is sometimes described as prohibitive, but the great influx of anglers into the country soon after the season begins proves that this is not really the case. By fishermen who do not care to go to the expense of hiring or leasing a beat good sport can usually be obtained by taking advantage of the facilities afforded by the proprietors of certain hotels, while those who wish to lease or hire fishing have a wide range of rents to consider. Beats hired for June and July are naturally the most expensive, and may cost anything from £40 to £600. For August and September the charges

FISHING IN NORWAY RIVER

are considerably lower, and may range from £30 to £125 for the two months, while beats may be hired for the whole season for from £40, or by the month for from £25 upwards.

ELK SHOOTING

The elk is a large and ungainly-looking animal, standing about six feet high at the shoulders, but although its movements seem awkward, and its ordinary gait is a shuffling, ambling trot, it provides the best shooting sportsmen enjoy in Norway. It is the largest game in Europe, and in Norway it occurs in good numbers. Usually from 1,200 to 1,300 are killed every year in the country, but still its numbers are increasing, and grounds are to be had at very reasonable rents. Some of the best grounds are in the Trondhjem counties, where 463 out of the 1,287 elk killed in Norway in 1912 were accounted for.

In Scandinavia the elk is indigenous. It wandered in the pine forests and amid the birch groves of the fjelds in the days when the human inhabitants of the country were in the Stone Age. For centuries it contributed a not inconsiderable portion of the national food supply, and by the latter part of the nineteenth century the native farmers and hunters had so reduced its numbers that it was threatened with extinction. For ten years the shooting of it was prohibited, and as a result of this Norway now possesses a good stock of elk. As hunting is allowed only during the last three weeks of September, its numbers are likely to increase rather than diminish. Sportsmen usually confine their attention to the bulls. Every year some fine heads are obtained, and are sporting trophies any big-game hunter may well be proud to exhibit. A good bull elk stands about 19 hands at the shoulder, weighs about 1,500 lb., and carries a massive palmated head. As has well been said of him, he 'knows how to look after himself, and, with the exception of

the large pachyderms of India and South Africa, is the nearest living approach to the big game of prehistoric times. . . . His power of scent and hearing—his main safeguard against hostile approach –are preternaturally acute, and he appears to have the power of going through thick cover in an extraordinarily noiseless and rapid fashion. His food is the leaf and young twigs of the birch, the bark, leaf, and twigs of the mountain ash, and the young branches of the spruce fir, the latter chiefly in winter.' The importation of dogs into Norway is forbidden, and elk is usually hunted with the aid of intelligent native collies.

A famous sportsman has said that 'the chase of this great, dark, prehistoric deer. . . . is the best and cheapest form of big-game hunting within easy reach of the British Isles.'

The legal season for shooting elk is from September 10th to the 30th, but it varies in different districts. Every foreigner who shoots in Norway must obtain a Special Sports Licence from the local Sheriff (*Iensmand*), costing 100 kroner (£5 10*s*.), for shooting on Government ground. Owners of land, however, have the right to shoot over their own land without paying anything. For elk and stag hunting a General Licence of 100 kroner is required, and for elk shooting on Government ground the sanction of the Government District Forester. Only one elk may be killed on each specially registered property, but in many instances a farmer owns several small properties and is entitled to shoot, or permit the shooting of, one elk on each. Namdalen, Stjördalen, and Guldalen are among the best elk grounds in the country, but the charges made for the right to kill elk on their different properties vary considerably. Among the rents recently quoted are £70 for 14 elk rights; £85 for 20 elk rights and ryper shooting; and £120 for 55 private elk rights. In some of the

State-owned forests of Nordre and Söndre, Trondhjem, shooting can be leased, and from two to five elk may be shot on a single estate.

REINDEER SHOOTING

Good reindeer shooting is to be had in many parts of Norway, especially on the high open mountain fields. The regulations regarding it are somewhat puzzling to sportsmen until they understand that the mountain grounds of the country referred to in the Game

HUNTER ON SKI

Law consist of (1) grounds belonging to the State or Community and (2) grounds in private possession. Regarding the first, the law states that on mountain grounds belonging to the State or the Community the shooting is free to any Norwegian citizen when he buys a shooting licence; a licence for these grounds costs a Norwegian reindeer hunter 2 or 10 kroner, a foreigner 200 kroner, and entitles the holder to kill three reindeer in a season. On grounds in private possession 'there are no restrictions whatever as to the number of deer a tenant may kill, but if he be a foreigner he must pay a shooting licence of 100 kroner in addition to the rent.' The regulations at present prohibit the use of magazine rifles, and rifles of a lower bore than .475 or with moveable back sights. It is likely that these restrictions will soon be removed. They do not apply to elk shooting. The rent asked for a reindeer shooting frequently includes the ryper and ptarmigan shooting; also the trout fishing, and in many instances the use of a comfortably fitted-up shooting lodge containing from three to ten beds, and the services of a hunter. Where lodges are not provided, and the shooting is remote from any hotel or farm-house, a camping equipment, consisting of tent, sleeping bags, and cooking utensils, is required, and can usually be obtained locally. Recently quoted rents range from £85, with a limit of 6 reindeer, to £240, with a limit of 14 reindeer, and the size of the ground from 20,000 to 40,000 acres, ryper shooting and trout fishing being almost invariably included. Much lower rents are charged for smaller grounds where there is ryper shooting and trout fishing, and a good chance of obtaining a shot at reindeer. Some very fine heads have been secured in recent years, including one of 32 points measuring 52 in. in length each horn, and 50½ in. greatest width. Another had antlers 59 in. long. The sportsman who goes to Norway after reindeer needs to be

keen and sturdy, for the sport is arduous, and usually entails long tramps and climbs on the high rocky fjelds.

RED DEER

Red deer are very strictly preserved in Norway, but stags may be shot between August 15th and September 30th, a General Licence (see 'Elk Shooting') being required. They are chiefly found in the pine and birch woods around the Hardanger and Nord Fjords and on certain islands, notably Hitteren, at the mouth of the Trondhjem Fjord, and Tusteren, near Kristiansund, both of these islands containing typical deer forest. Here and elsewhere good woodland hunting and stalking is enjoyed, and stags up to thirty stone in weight have been shot. The late Sir H. Seton-Karr secured in all about 150 stags on Hitteren, including many nine, ten, and eleven pointers and two full royals. 'Hitteren stalking,' he writes, 'is woodland stalking, though occasionally I have enjoyed a stalk . . . equal in duration, exercise, and excitement to anything that can be obtained in Glen Affaric, Athol, or Reay.' Red deer and ryper shooting can be hired together, and sometimes go with good salmon and trout fishing The rents are about the same as those charged for shooting elk.

RYPER SHOOTING

In the opinion of most sportsmen who visit Norway the ryper shooting ranks next to the elk shooting. Willow grouse (*dal-rype*) and ptarmigan (*fjeld rype*) are fairly abundant, and a shooting ground among the mountains can be hired for from £5 upward exclusive of the State Licence. No other expense need be entailed, apart from the cost of living and the hire of a dog—for in Norway the shooting is over dogs, and there are no drives. On many Govern-

ment grounds and private properties excellent ryper shooting can be had in conjunction with elk shooting and trout fishing. In good seasons twenty brace a day may often be shot, while capercailzie, black game, hazel grouse, woodcock, snipe, wild duck, and sea fowl are plentiful in many districts. In Norway, as in Russia, the capercailzie often provides fine sport for the sportsman possessing nerve, endurance, and skill. It has been well said that 'Perhaps no form of sport calls for the exercise of all these qualities to such an intense degree as does the stalking at night in a semi-frozen pine swamp of the mighty "caper."' For Norwegian ryper shooting one must be a good walker and a keen sportsman; in many districts one must be prepared to camp out on the fjeld or in the forest. Ptarmigan shooting, too, on the snowy mountains and high stony table-lands, calls for hardiness as well as alertness and skill. The season for shooting ryper is from August 25th to March 31st; hazel

A GOOD BAG

grouse, black hen, and capercailzie hen, August 25th to March 14th; black cock and capercailzie cock, August 25th to March 14th and from May 15th to 31st.

TROUT FISHING

Norway provides such excellent trout fishing that it is surprising more anglers do not avail themselves of the fine sport to be enjoyed on its innumerable lakes and streams. During June and July brown trout fishing yields especially good sport, and fishing for the whole season can be had on many small rivers and lakes near farm-houses and châlets where comfortable accommodation can be obtained. At a large number of hotels free trout fishing is provided for visitors, but as a rule the fish caught must be handed over to the landlord. There is also free trouting near several posting stations on the Fille fjeld Road to Bergen, the Hallingdal route, the Dovrefjeld road to Trondhjem, on the Molde-Hellesylt-Vadheim route, on the Haukelid road, in the Romsdal, at various places in the Sogne Fjord, and at Loen and Olden in the Nord Fjord. The following lakes and rivers are specially recommended by Mr. J. A. Lumley: 'The River Rena running out of the Storsjö Lake in Österdalen, the River Trysil, running out of the Faemund Sö Lake on the Swedish frontier (Österdalen); the lakes Bygin, Gjende, Russevand, and Gjendeoset (the outlet of Lake Gjende), all in the Jotunheim district; the Mjös Vand and Bandaks Vand in Telemarken; the numerous waters on the road from Kristiansand to Saetersdalen; at Aaseral in the upper valley of the Mandal, the Nordmandslaagen and the Björnesvand.' Husum (Laerdal), Sande, Nedre Vasenden (Söndfjord), Egge, Red (Breim), Sandene, Polfos (Skiaker), Halsa (Romsdal), and Mölmen (Gudbrandsdal) are also highly recommended. Where trout fishing is hired the rents are very reason-

FISHING AT TRONDHJEM

able, and often include the use of fishing hut or châlet and boat. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, however, that in Norway fresh-water fishing, salmon excepted, is free to both foreigner and native, unless there be local restrictions; but it should be remembered that as the owner of land in Norway has an exclusive right to all fresh water fisheries thereon, a stranger cannot claim any right to fish. He should ask for permission to do so, and almost everywhere this is unhesitatingly granted.

SEA TROUT FISHING

Much of the sea trout fishing is taken on lease, but good free fishing is to be had in many small rivers when they are in flood. The season is from April 14th to September 14th, with a few exceptions to September 30th.

BEARS, WOLVES, ETC.

Bears are decreasing in numbers in Norway, but in several districts there is always a chance that the elk hunter or the sportsman seeking other animals may be afforded a welcome opportunity of shooting a bear. Wolves are said to be increasing in numbers in some parts of Norway, and should be shot whenever encountered. The hunting of bear, wolf, lynx, fox, eagles, and falcons is free. Although the day of the bear may be said to be nearly over, it is still distributed over a fairly wide area, and in recent years it has been much in evidence in the neighbourhood of the Bandak and Nordsjö lakes in Telemarken and among the Drangsdal Mountains between Stavanger and Flekkefjord. The glutton is still far too common, but difficult to get a shot at, and this also applies to the lynx, which has an irritating habit of revealing itself unconcernedly to the sportsman who happens to be without his gun.

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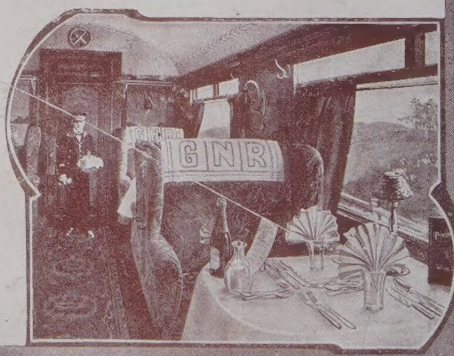

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